

**STANSTEAD-COLLEGE**

**ANNUAL**

**1933**



## INTROSPECT

As we come to another mile stone in the annals of our history we find the weight of years lying lightly on our shoulders. We find progress still the key note of our lives, and we find that sixty years have in no way dulled the purpose and tradition of our founders. Minor changes have come over us; we have lost some of the brightness of our tiles; our ancient lamps and other ear-marks of sixty years ago have given way to the advances the world has made, but we still retain our dignity and our position. But we have not been stagnant. We too have recognized that customs are only as sane as they are modern, and we have remained sane. We have never regretted those sixty years we left behind, but we do not place them foremost. They are gone; they have made us what we are, and it is up to us to do as well and better during the next sixty years. We enter this era full of hopes and new ideas. The past we honour; the future we serve.



## 1933 - 1934 STAFF

The following information concerning the Staff for 1933-1934 was recently obtained from the Principal's office.

In order to meet certain conditions arising out of the prevailing hard times it has been found necessary to reorganize certain parts of staff so that the work of the college could be carried on effectively with a depleted teaching personnel. In addition to this certain teachers have, for various personal reasons, resigned.

Among the withdrawals are Mrs. G. G. Hall and Miss E. B. Sangster of the Model School. Miss Alice Parker, B.A. (McGill) will fill one of these vacancies. The other teacher has not yet been appointed.

In the business college Miss M. Edwards and Mr. Mac Mowle retire. Only one appointment is being made for next year. Mr. Tom Bready has been appointed to the staff of B.B.C.

In the Academy Mr. J. W. Witzel and Mr. Carl Schindler are withdrawing. Only one appointment is being made in this department. Mr. Fred T. Brown, S.B. (Harvard) will act as Dean of Boys and will teach science in the Academy.

In the music department Miss A. Noble and Miss J. Ward have resigned. One violin teacher is to be appointed.

Mrs. T. B. Moody has resigned as Dean of Girls to return to her family in England. Miss Elsie McFadyen, B.A., will act as Dean of Girls for the coming year and will give part time to the music department.

We are extremely sorry to learn that so many of our friends are leaving the college staff but we wish them the best of luck in their new estate and in their new ventures.

To the new teachers we extend a most hearty welcome as they enter their chosen field of service. May they be worthy successors of their worthy predecessors.





EDITORIAL STAFF

# STANSTEAD COLLEGE ANNUAL

*Published at Stanstead, P.Q., by the Annual Committee.*

---



---

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	-	-	-	-	D. G. Amaron
<i>Associate Editors</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss I. Morrill, R. Lamb
<i>Business Manager</i>	-	-	-	-	J. D. McFadyen
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	-	-	-	-	L. Macdonald
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Mary Flint
<i>Art Editors</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss M. Aranoff, Geo. Belyea
<i>Advisory Committee</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. F. Scott, Miss F. Godue

---



---

## REPORTERS

Miss Anne Pike — Miss Frieda Bindman — Mr. Lloyd Bliss  
 Mr. Robert Kneeland — Mr. Dean Miltimore — Mr. Harold Mandigo  
 Miss Adrien Cameron — Miss Constance Seifert — Miss Elsie Mizener  
 Mr. Edgar Hurn — Mr. Wm. Barnard — Mr. Clark Lawton  
 Mr. Arnold Mackenzie — Mr. Wm. Heath.

---



---

Vol. XXXI

Stanstead, Que.

June, 1933.

---



---

## STANSTEAD WESLEYAN COLLEGE

*Charles B. Howard, M.P.*

It is perhaps fitting at this moment when the old College like many other institutions, is going through tough times, to look back over its past history.

Years ago in 1871 our forefathers, imbued with the spirit of the Pioneers and deeply religious, seeing the increasing material affluence of the Community decided that a school should be established in the district where graduates from the "little red schoolhouses" that then dotted the countryside could continue their education. This group of laymen and ministers appealed to the Methodist Conference of 1871 and the Conference of that year finally 'pledged its moral support and patronage.' This group of sincere men and women canvassed the countryside and secured the necessary funds to erect the first building.

On May 14th, 1872, the provisional directors met and agreed on the site where the College stands today. As to their choice we of this generation feel that with due regard to the many beautiful spots



throughout the Eastern Townships of Quebec no finer spot could have been chosen. On October 28th, 1872, a meeting of the Committee was held and twenty-one directors were appointed to administer the affairs of the College; a Charter containing twenty-five articles was drawn up and to quote the exact words from the minutes, the object was "To establish and maintain an institution of learning to be called by the name of the "Stanstead Wesleyan College" for the education of youth, and to direct and manage the same for the purpose of education in the various branches of art, literature and science."

On January 7th, 1874 the school was officially opened, the staff consisting of five teachers — A Lee Holmes was the first principal and on the staff were Miss Haskell and Dr. C. C. Colby. The average attendance for the first few years was about one hundred of whom less than twenty-five boarded and lived in the institution. The original courses of study in the five Departments were:

1. Common English, in which 8 subjects were taught.
2. Commercial English in which 6 subjects were taught.
3. Academic in which 29 subjects were taught which included among others elocution, natural philosophy, astronomy, rhetoric lectures on art of teaching, etc.
4. Collegiate preparatory — 16 subjects taught.
5. Female Collegiate course.

It is most interesting to note from the minutes of the time the following words "pupils will be advanced from class to class according to their progress and not according to the time spent in the institution."

Many changes have taken place — the school has always kept a high standard. Great men have occupied the Principal's chair and the institution has maintained a high place in the esteem of the entire community.

One of the outstanding assets of the College has been its many kind-hearted local people who have always taken great pride in their institution; they have given of their money generously and their fellowship has meant much to the many pupils passing through. Many will long remember the Golden Anniversary in 1923, when my father the late B. C. Howard a pupil of 1881 was Chairman of the Board, and Sir Arthur Currie, Principal of McGill, was the speaker of the occasion. At that time the endowment fund was largely increased; the buildings were renovated, a central heating plant was installed and the whole College was placed in a position to equal any institution of its kind in the country. Dr. T. A. Halpenny was then Principal and to his foresight and to his untiring efforts was due in large part the success of the occasion.



The College has had its ups and downs and naturally in times like these the institution needs the co-operation of all.

We are fortunate in having men like Martin, McFadyen and Scott on the staff at the present time; these men are guided by a worthy successor to a galaxy of great men, in the person of Errol C. Amaron, the present principal. Mr. Amaron has already won the love and admiration, not only of the pupils, the staff and his Board, but of the entire community. An ever-increasing Alumni is backing him and the people south of the St. Lawrence stand solid behind him. If the College was needed in 1871 it is more needed today. With our ever-changing population it is most essential to maintain this institution where the boys and girls from our protestant homes all over the district can find an accessible spot in ideal surroundings to continue their studies away from the hustle and bustle of our great cities. To the students from our cities it affords a seat of learning close enough and yet with the privilege of making a contact with our boys and girls from rural Quebec; the invigorating atmosphere from this ideal countryside will give them renewed health and vigor and permit them to go back to their city homes better mentally, with a different outlook on life and better fitted to attain success in this highly competitive world.

As a member of the Board of Trustees I appreciate the assistance rendered by our Alumni; I appreciate the advice of the older members of the Board; I appreciate the unstinted efforts of our present Chairman, Rev. Dr. G. Ellery Read, and right here it is fitting to express to that old friend of the College, our Treasurer, Mr. D. W. Davis, not only our thanks for his valuable past services but our sincere hopes that he may long be spared to continue the work he has done so well. I also welcome the new members of the Board with their up-to-date ideas, and in these times of stress I am thankful for the help of our Montreal friends and I trust with Dr. Hanson, Dr. Dawson, Dr. Marvin, Hon Senator Webster and their many friends they will assist us over the rough spots — help preserve this grand old Institution and enable it to not only continue its great work but enable the College to go forward to still greater achievements in the future.

As an Eastern Townships boy, born here and intending to stay here, may I say I am proud of the successes of our Montreal and Quebec friends but when their life history is written no more illustrious page will be written than the page telling of the help they gave to this grand old Townships' Institution "Stanstead Wesleyan College."

To us is given not only the duty but the privilege of carrying forward the torch our forefathers handed on to us.

## JUBILEE

*The following articles contributed by three of the former Principals of the College set forth the real spirit of the Jubilee, a revival of the ideals and ideas which embody the development of the College in past years, and many of which are an active force in the present progress.*

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF STANSTEAD COLLEGE:- and it seems but a little while since we celebrated the Golden Jubilee, a strenuous week of events culminating in a banquet with four hundred present, in a great tent placed parallel to the row of evergreen trees on the rear Campus.

It would seem as if the evergreen trees were symbolic of the perennial qualities of the College, for now another decade has gone and today we are congratulating those in charge, on giving leadership in an Institution with sixty years of splendid record.

Sixty years of pioneering — building up — and firmly establishing a school that has become more vital with the years.

Sixty years of seed-sowing in Christian Education, — and today far flung areas are reaping the harvest.

Sixty years of careful and heroic financing by Christian statesmen, — great souls who believed in the College.

Sixty years of sacrificial work on the part of devoted educationists whose chief reward has been the joy of service.

Sixty years of sending out from its halls, annually, students better equipped to follow the high ideals which had been made more attractive by the standards of their Alma Mater.

From such a splendid record, however, we turn with a sense of expectation tinged with eagerness, to the days just ahead. The College must now realize that it is facing a period of time when it must do quickly and efficiently the thing it has set itself to do. Plastic years are just ahead of us. Great dynamic forces are working overtime, and are bringing about rapid readjustments in all of life's relationships. These mighty forces must be controlled and directed wisely and firmly toward lofty ends, lest they become forces that disintegrate and destroy.

The Youth of the immediate future will face a sterner challenge than any generation of youth we can discover as we scan the backward trail.

In order to do its full share in helping to equip Youth for its oncoming task, the College must carry on its work with flexibility and courage; spurred on by a note of hopefulness and a sense of immediacy.

The standing which the College will have when it celebrates its Centenary anniversary depends, to a vital degree, on the wisdom and daring with which it faces the crisis of today.

—T. Anson Halpenny.

## STANSTEAD AND ITS SCHOOLS

A small school was started in Stanstead in 1818, but in 1829 a much more important organization was effected. In that year an institution known as Stanstead Seminary was established. For many years this and Charleston Academy, at East Hatley, were the only classical colleges in the Eastern Townships, and both were widely known as schools of high literary character. The names of the fifty-seven teachers who taught in the Seminary before the name was changed to Stanstead College are still preserved. Among them is that of David Allison who afterwards became Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia and was President of Mount Allison University when I was a student there. He was much interested in my going to Stanstead and always inquired about the schools and people.

In 1865 the trustees of the Seminary at one of their meetings, proposed to try to raise Twenty Thousand Dollars to erect buildings suitable for a school, to replace the Seminary. The project was brought before the Wesleyan Conference in June of that year, and was approved. The corner stone was laid by the Rev. William Morley Punshon on December 2, 1872.

On the new Board of Directors were included most of those who had been directors of the old Seminary. Stanstead College extended and carried on the work of Stanstead Seminary. The Seminary founded in 1829 lives on in the college, and if Stanstead had followed the method of reckoning its natal day, adopted by most institutions, she would reckon her age in the present buildings as sixty-one years, and the age of the educational institution as one hundred and four years. Many institutions of learning both in Canada and the United States have had different changes of name without affecting their identity. Just why Stanstead has lopped off forty-three years of glorious pioneer history, apparently without regret, is more than I am able to understand.

I have never had any doubt as to the future of Stanstead College. The situation is beautiful beyond the imagination of those unfamiliar with the country. There is behind it a century of history and a wealth of noble tradition. While the English speaking population in the Province of Quebec is relatively small, it is very considerable. Church schools

hold a much more important position in the Province of Quebec than in the other Provinces of Canada. The two languages make it difficult to maintain good local schools in many parts of the Province. An increasing proportion of our population desire for their children one or more years in a well conducted boarding school. Most of those who have had such an experience look back to those days as the character building period of their lives — the happy days, the days of life-long friendships, and helpful experiences. Such schools too have an independence as to curriculum and method impossible to government-supported institutions, and should be the pioneers in experiment and trail breaking. They should not stultify themselves by imitating slavishly any other type of school, no matter how good, nor should they consider themselves as in competition with the provincial system of schools. They certainly should not make the mistake of the regular high schools, and forget the interests of more than seventy-five percent of their pupils in their desire to prepare students for the Universities.

The Massey Commission, speaking of the Holmes Model School says;

..... "While the farm population of the district may in time come to be entirely French Catholic, there will always be a number of English-speaking families in the small towns and villages for whom such a school will be a great boon.

"This unique combination of a public and private elementary school seems in the peculiar circumstances a very commendable arrangement; it works smoothly and serves a real need."

The Commission, in referring to the Bugbee Business College says;

..... "This department is a typical business college of the better sort, apparently saved from the obtrusive commercialism noticeable in some other places by the absence of short-course day pupils."

In referring to the School of Music the Commission reports;

..... "Unlike most departments of music in our colleges, it requires of all who specialize in this subject that they shall take additional courses in English and other subjects, and that before being given a diploma, they shall have reached the junior matriculation grade in English Literature. But much more than this might well be required to the great advantage of the pupil."

Of the Academic Department the report states;

..... "A large proportion of those who go through the College are intending to teach or to enter the University, and for these the course is fixed by government prescription. The classes are inspected by the



Government's officials and the College receives a small government grant. This fact should not, we trust, make it impossible for the college authorities to vary the courses of study where it seems wise to do so, in the interests of those who want a general education rather than one which shall qualify them for the University or the teaching profession."

These facts are equally true today, and when these strenuous times have passed, Stanstead Wesleyan College will find her rooms filled again, and financial problems in process of solution. She should not forget that her first obligation is to the rural sections, villages and small towns of the Eastern Townships, and by means of bursaries and scholarships to supplement reasonable fees, the way must be kept open for the admission of the boys and girls of these areas, regardless of the limited family budget.

—George J. Trueman

\* \* \*

I am glad to have been asked to write a brief contribution to the Diamond Jubilee number of the College Magazine regarding Stanstead College's relation to the future. May I say at the outset that if I was a heretic five years ago about the way in which the College can make her best contribution to Quebec and Canada, I am doubly so now? I still believe that Stanstead College, in the future, can do her best work, not by filling her dormitories with students from Montreal and other large centres, where abundant facilities for Education are available, but by adapting herself to the needs of rural Quebec.

The collapse or near collapse of our machine civilization is, among other things, suggesting questions as to the wisdom of an education that predominantly contemplates life in a city, and in an industrial or commercial setting. Even such education as is given in agriculture is so technical, that few return to translate it into a service directly given to the country side. Success, as the end at which education aims, has been conceived in terms of larger monetary rewards in industry, commerce, or the so called professions, than the farm can give. Why should not an institution like Stanstead College set before itself an ideal that would correct this fault and help remove the lopsided character of a civilization that fails to do justice to the former and to country life? Recently in our city I heard a brilliant son of French Quebec, a teacher on rural life problems, and a member of parliament, speak to our Canadian Club on the regeneration of rural life. I could not help as he spoke, and showed the possibilities that he contemplated, to offset the maladjustment of things

as they are, think of Stanstead College, with her farm, and other advantages, as one institution that should be doing that very thing and could do it.

Let her concentrate on seeking out young men and women of intellectual promise from the farms of her natural constituency, young people who have definite Christian convictions, who give promise of creative leadership, and who could be inspired with the ideal of making the life of the country contribute all its rich possibilities to offsetting the disintegrating tendencies of social forces that have been doing scant justice to the country side.

Such young people would reduce the discipline problem to a minimum, and even if for missionary purposes some of the urban classes were still welcomed, the institution would have a not less healthy tone, from the presence of such representatives of the soil.

Then let them be given courses, such as would meet their needs, not necessarily such as would fit them for the university, which is the soul of the Orthodox High School Course; but English and French Literature, History, Elementary Science, Economics and Politics, and such as would interest them in making the country beautiful, and its social life rich. The latter would involve strong courses in Religious Education that the country might be basically Christian and the Christian Motive condition all its activities.

And the farm is there to make a model farm, and centre for working out plans for the realization of a healthy country life, and meantime to help these students solve the problems of how to live while going through College. If Stanstead College does not do this I am persuaded that other institutions must arise to do it, if we are through Church and School going to bring in a better day.

Rev. A. D. Mackenzie.







GRADE XII

## GRADE TWELVE

When grade twelve arrived this year it was surprising to see so many brilliant and sparkling personages. There were everything from eminent scientists to cartoonists among the nonpareil selects. So you may be dazzled by the splendor of these gallants, poets, belles, editors, fops, presidents, debators, sportsmen, musicians, and farmers, as we have made ourselves visible to the public in the class picture. That you may know these intellects better we now usher them in:

DOUGLAS AMARON — *Arts.*

Bill comes to us from the Winter Sports Palace, Quebec City. While there he indulged in basketball and the correct enunciation of the French language. He brought his accomplishments along with him, becoming captain of the Senior Basketball team and president of the Seicl. Bill also goes in for track, tennis, senior rugby, second team hockey, and class debating. We must not say too much about him for he is the editor of the College Annual, but it looks as if he will soon settle down in Stanstead for his domestic life, if things go on as they are now.

GEORGE BELYEA — *Science.*

Some day in the world of sport, science, cartooning, and radio performers you will find the name of George Belyea shining forth. His accomplishments are many and varied. Here they are — senior Football, senior Hockey, senior Basketball, track, cross-country, art editor of the Magazine, uke, harmonizing and public arguing. His one failing is his admiration of Jean Harlow.

FRANKLIN HEATH — *Arts.*

This wonderful edifice was once believed to have been sculptured in Greece; but he almost failed in his last Greek exam, so this seems to be a story of fiction. His talents have displayed themselves manifold in studying and writing essays. His sports are swimming, skiing, and shooting. We all wish him enormous success.

LEE HEATH — *Arts.*

This lad vowed a great reverence for Demosthenes from very early infancy; he applied himself to reading and writing at a very early age so he is now the idol of the class in essays and oratory. It is said he revels long of nights on Greek and Latin. His chief hobbies are swimming and flirting. He is ambitious to become a journalist — good success to him.

**HAROLD MANDIGO — *Commerce.***

Harold is the man who practises the art of gentle living, in or out of harmony with his fellow men, and especially women. Of course it is natural for a great group of people to have a mighty musician among its selects; so in this case Harold is the pipe-organ artist. He came to us from Knowlton the summer playground of Montreal. Harold spends his spare time in composing music, and walking. His favorite pastime is going to see his aunty. He belongs to the Seicl. May fortune shine on this "gay caballero".

**DEAN MILTIMORE — *Arts.***

This young gallant was educated in Cowansville. They say he was the most prominent chemist there, as he distinguished himself by making the most abominable H<sub>2</sub>S stench in the history of Chemistry. He has proposed a theory that women may be approached from the Chemical viewpoint. He goes in for senior football, second team hockey, track, tennis and cross country. We wish him success.

**ISOBEL MORRILL — *Arts.***

'Issy' is the social and intellectual leader of the class. In her infancy she fooled around Sherbrooke High School, but has spent much of her remaining life at S.W.C. She is another person of many and varied abilities, as one may readily see; for she is captain of the senior girls' basketball team, and also goes in for ground hockey, class debating, tennis, ice hockey and Seicl.

**SYLVIA SOLES — *Arts.***

Her name implies romance, and rightly it should, for she is the belle of Stanstead. She has received all of her education here, so she is adequately prepared for her sojourn in the world of romance. She is very fond of men and skiing, but not so much of skiing. We are sorry that Sylvia is not in the picture to cheer it up.

**FRED TREDINNICK — *Commerce.***

Freddy hails from that wild and wooly part of Quebec, where men are men, and the women are glad of it; namely Metis Beach, the summer playground of Quebec. Fred goes in for senior basketball, second team hockey, football, cross country and flirting. The great ambition of his life is to master the 'uke'. If you will prick up your ears, you may hear this canary striking up his merry tunes. We hope he may realize real success in 'uking'. He also speaks Habitant French.

CLARK LAWTON — *Science.*

We all believe that some day Clark will become a great engineer. He is the mathematician of the class, and intends to resume his studies at Queen's University. Clark has some very peculiar ideas about women, and his search for more light in their direction is most phenomenal. He believes that there is more money and fun searching for electrons than for cows that have jumped the fence.

ALEXANDER TRUEMAN — *Cultural.*

Alex comes, hale and hearty, from Sackville, N. B. In order not to outshine his colleagues too much he did not come until February. His sports are tennis, golf, swimming and boxing. His ambition is to sleep all day and all night. He intends to attend Mount Allison University at Sackville next year. Bon voyage.



## VALEDICTORY

To-day, we graduates, stand at the cross-roads of life. A few of us will move on to higher spheres of learning but most of us will step out into the business world where many great problems await the solution of the rising generation. For the past school year we have been in training under competent instructors and are now ready to make the venture. Every phase of our school life has prepared us for this moment and one may rest assured that the odds are in favour of a Stanstead graduate taking the right course.

When first we came to this beautiful seat of learning we all looked forward hopefully to the day of graduation. What a happy day that would be! Now it has arrived. We are happy, but that happiness is mixed with sorrow. Stanstead has come to mean a lot to us and the thought of leaving brings sadness to our hearts.

During our stay here we have made many friends among teachers and students. Parting from them will be hard, especially as some of us part now never to meet again. But at least we can take with us fond memories of many happy days spent together.

As we leave we are especially grateful to our teachers. There are few things that contribute so much to the enjoyment of college life as a sympathetic staff. And we certainly had one this year. Our instructors worked with us and played with us. They guided us over the many pit-falls that beset our pathway and in every way concerned themselves about our welfare. There may have been times when we proved trying to them but they were patient. Other times we may have found it difficult to see eye to eye with them and while we may not have been quite so patient it is certainly not easy to retain hard feelings toward anyone who keeps turning the other cheek. And in parting we would say to the teachers one and all, "God bless you and prosper you in your good work."

Now more than ever do we realize the truth of the words "A Home Away from Home." Stanstead College has certainly been a home away from home for us. We have lived like one big family, sharing our disappointments and victories, our sorrows and joys. Our second home, at dear old Stanstead, will always hold a big place in our hearts and we will watch the progress of this fine institution with interest. We will gladly take advantage of every opportunity to sound her praises and render her assistance in every way possible.

The traditions of Stanstead are well known. As we go out into the world, we pledge ourselves to enrich these traditions so that in future years our Alma-Mater will be proud to own us as the graduates of 1933. We are reasonably well fitted to accomplish this because we have been taught how to play the game. Our College teams have exhibited a fine spirit of sportsmanship, win or lose, which we hope to apply in the greater game of life.

To our principal and lady principal we owe much. Under your guidance our life here has been a happy one. Mere words can never express our gratitude but we sincerely wish you all the joy and happiness life holds, and may you, under the blessing of Heaven, carry on your splendid work for years to come.

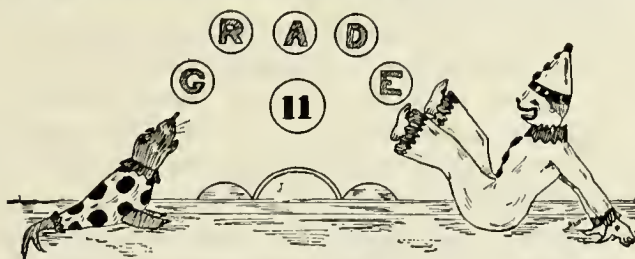
We would also ask the board of trustees to accept our real appreciation of their unfailing efforts to keep the standard of Stanstead College, notwithstanding the depression, at least up to the same level as in past years. To their faith in the future we are greatly indebted.

And so to the principal, lady principal, trustees, staff and students we would say with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow, not good-bye, but, "Aurevoir."

— Arnold MacKenzie.



# THE ACADEMY



## GRADE ELEVEN REVIEW

Good night ladies and gentlemen. Here we are again with that program known as 'the Grade Eleven Review', brought to you each year through the broadcasting facilities of S.W.C., broadcasting on a frequency of 1933 kilocycles, under authority of the Stanstead College Magazine Board.

Tonight's program, radio friends, is a review of the students of Grade Eleven, and should be very interesting indeed.

Let me introduce the first student who is going to say a few words to you, Ruston Lamb, track star, champion inter-class debator, class president, and numerous other activities which we cannot mention. You should see this fellow Lamb, he's showing the folks how he can walk on his hands. Come here Rusty.

"Sorry to keep you waiting folks, but those 'dames' are just too inquisitive for words. They would ask a fellow to go without his dinner if they thought they would get a kick out of it. Take the advice of a connoisseur, and leave them alone."

Thanks Ruston, that certainly was good advice, and be sure you always remember it.

Let's see now. O yes! Miss Edith Belyea, the little girl from Montreal is next. You know folks we're mighty lucky to have Edie here tonight, for she is 'good' on the piano, and I don't mean maybe. Just what would we do at the school dances without her? Well she's not going to speak to us, but she's going to play. It's too bad this isn't television so that you could see her play basketball too, and — Just a minute folks, what's all this noise about. Its alright, Mervyn Rogers,

another of our class has just been telling the boys he doesn't want to speak, but will play a piece on his cornet instead. Well that's just fine. Now we can have a duet. They are going to play the College Alma Mater for us. Boy, can those two play well together. I guess that piece brought back memories of Stanstead to many of you listeners. Thanks Edie and Mervyn, that was just great.

Now folks, the Miracle Student of Stanstead College is about to speak to you, Austin Young. This fellow never studies, so they say, but when it comes to class time he always knows his lessons. That's where the mystery comes in. Rumour has it that this young Einstein is going in for big things in the drawing world. Probably drawing a big salary. Alright Austin, let's go!

"I don't think there is much to say after what your announcer has told you, but I might explain that I really do study; and where people get the idea that I'm some sort of a wizard or something, I can't figure out."

That's telling them Austin.

Well we're getting along in the program, and here is Bernard Besner. Bernie came to us after school had got well started and rugby practise was underway, but in spite of this difficulty he made first string football, and by what we hear, he is going to clean up in tennis. Well you never can tell, perhaps Ted Bissonnet will have something to say about that.

What do you know, here comes Ted now, I guess he must have heard me mention his name. Come on Ted and say a few words wont you?

"Hello everybody, we're certainly having a swell time down here in the studio tonight, and if you are having half as good a time as we are this program will be a success all round. Thanks Bill."

That was Ted Bissonnet folks, another champion inter-class debator for this year, class prophet, and last year's tennis champion. We certainly wish Ted all sorts of success in his tennis this year, and it looks as if he would need it as he may be playing against an opponent who is 'probably the best in Canada'.

Something wrong again folks. Here come five of the co-eds towards the mike, and they look worried. What's wrong girls?

"Say Bill, do we really have to talk?"

Well that's the best one I've heard; a group of girls asking if they have to talk, generally they have to be asked to keep quiet.

We'll let you off this time.

These five girls that have just asked to be let off the talks are

Muriel Aranoff, art editor of the magazine and literary critic of Grade Eleven; Cordelia Stratton, pastry cook; Marjorie Rudd, Hilda Le Poidevin and Ruth Hatch, budding draftswomen.

It's about time we heard from some of the girls I think. There's Connie Seifert over in the corner talking to Trickey, I'll get her. Connie started school here after Christmas. Her home is in Quebec. She soon made herself popular and feels as much at home now as the rest of us. There are two things that Connie takes seriously, her picture, and 'a certain young fellow'.

"Hello radio audience. As you have heard my home is in Quebec and I cannot think of anything more fitting to say than to extend to you a hearty invitation to visit that romantic and historic city this summer."

Thanks Connie, I'm sure we'll all do that if we possibly can.

I've got the names of two room-mates before me now, as the next on our review. They are Fred Hamilton and George Bennet. Fred is well known to some of the boys for his punching ability. He is liked by everyone too for he is that happy go lucky fellow that everyone admires and envies.

George Bennet is one of our best track men, and has showed his heels to many of the fleetest sprinters of opposing schools. Everyone is anxiously waiting and looking forward to great achievements for Grade Eleven by this 'tracker'.

There are only three people left on tonight's program, and one of these is Miss Frances Carberry of Drummondville. Fran started with us at the first of the year, and is a credit to the class in more ways than one. She has the knack of expressing herself on her feet, and then in Physics she is really very good. If there is one branch of Physics that Fran likes more than another, it is Electricity. I'll let you in on a little secret if you'll promise not to say anything about it. Fran thinks that the Voltaic Cell is a new kind of prison suite.

Well folks it won't be long now, just two more students to review and —

"Heh Bill you bunny!"

Now don't get worried folks that is only Elwyn (Trickey) Thomas, and he wants to speak to me. What's up Trick?

"Mr Gordon just sent over word that he wants to see me for Geometry, so I wont have anything to say over the mike."

Boy he certainly cleared out in a hurry. Guess I'll have to tell you something about Trickey myself. He comes from Montreal and has been going to Stanstead for a number of years. He has played

senior football and hockey for two years, and is a real star in track, especially in the shorter races.

We are at the end of the program, and as announcer I'm glad in a way as there has been a good deal of talking to do. The student chosen to give the closing words in this program is Alfred Philip of Rock Island. Alfred's favorite sport is hockey, and he was a member of the Tiger team in the Border League this winter. Track interests Alfred too, and as a distance runner he shows up very well. And now ladies and gentlemen he will say a few words in closing this annual program.

"Thanks Bill, I'll do my best. It gives me great pleasure to speak a few words in closing this great program featuring the grade eleven review of 1933. We of Grade Eleven are glad to be a part of Stanstead, and we sincerely hope that in the years to come the graduating class may look back over as happy and as profitable years as we can. We hope too that the graduating classes of the future will have as understanding, competent, and helpful teachers as we have had, and last but not least that they will carry on and live out those noble traditions that make our College what it is today. On behalf of the student body of Grade Eleven, I wish to extend to you of the radio audience our best wishes for a very pleasant vacation. Thank you."

Thanks Alfred. This year's Review is completed. We will be on the air again next year at the same time.

Attention; The time — June, 1933. This is station S.W.C. now signing off, your announcer, Bill Barnard. Good night everybody!  
— W. G. Barnard.

\* \* \*

*Tom:* Why is it we have no after-dinner speeches by women?  
*Swede:* They can't wait until after dinner.

\* \* \*

*Mr. Witzel:* Is that your cigarette butt, Happy?  
*Happy:* No sir, you saw it first.





Cordelia Stratton  
Mervin Rogers  
William Barnard  
Alfred Philip  
Edith Belyea



Frances Carberry  
George Bennet  
Ruston Lamb  
Bernard Besner  
Marjorie Rudd



Constance Seifert  
Elwyn Thomas  
Frederick Hamilton  
Alfred Bissonnet  
Austin Young

In absentia :- Ruth Hatch, Hilda Le Poidevin, Muriel Aranoff.







## AS SEEN THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

*(With Apologies to Lord Byron)*

High in the midst, experienced by his years,  
 Mr. Gordon's front, sublime uprears.  
 Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,  
 While sophs and freshmen tremble at his nod,  
 As all around sit wrapped in speechless gloom.  
 His voice in thunder shakes the sounding room,  
 Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,  
 Unskilled in physics and in Mathematic rules  
 Teaching of Chemistry and German may arise,  
 And Mr. Schindler, head pointed to the skies  
 Paves, with much endurance mild, the way  
 For many a willing student every single day.  
 What ho! What have we here of small dimensions made?  
 A gentleman! hidden by a blade of grasses shade;  
 He knows full well his goodly fathers bled  
 When civil discord piled the fields with dead;  
 When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,  
 And Henry trampled on the crest of France.  
 Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta  
 He also recollects the good old laws of Sparta,  
 For in History, this and nothing more  
 Mr. Hackett works, and makes his score.

The slightest motion would displease our Dean;  
No borrowed grace of action must be seen;  
He thinks our gravity prefers the muttered tone  
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan.  
And oft in time of jollity he roars  
"You simple idiotic fools, with you I'll mop the floors."  
Thus Mr. Witzel applies his learned skill  
In trying to hammer English into those who will.  
Who approaches now with mincing step,  
Though not a weakling she has lots of pep,  
Enough to keep the lazy ones in school  
When they endeavour to defy the rule.  
Yes Miss Godue rules the live long day  
And holds her place with mighty sway;  
She it is who daily in the art of teaching French  
Tries to keep her pupils off the dunces bench.  
Greek and Latin vaunt the endless fame  
Of Mr. Scott. Who will forget the name?  
Full true no common orator may ever justly hope  
To use the envied words within his far flung scope.  
He is our headmaster, and here we truly claim  
Without drooping lowly our heads in evil shame  
A real good sport he is, of standards ever true  
And headmasters like him are very very few.

— Bob Kneeland.

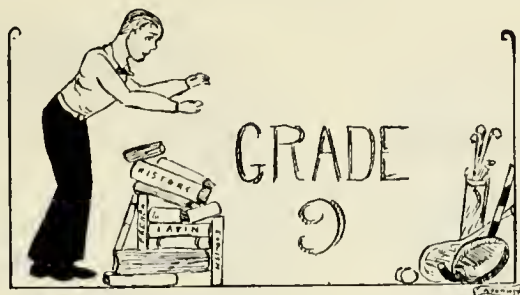
\* \* \*

"It's strange, Maude never can see any faults in herself," observed Polly.

"Women never can," commented George.

"Why the idea! I'm sure I could see my faults — if I had any.





Grade Twelve is clever,  
Grade Eleven is mad,  
Grade Ten is good,  
But Grade Nine is bad.

We worry the teacher,  
We talk all the time,  
We don't pay attention  
And none of us shine.

Our strong point is giggling,  
Our passion is noise,  
The girls are quite dreadful,  
But just look at the boys!

We've got no ambition,  
Though plenty of brains,  
But our minds are not lofty  
Nor noble our aims.

We don't know our lessons,  
And its really a shame,  
But on thinking it over  
All Nines are the same.

We're rather appalling,  
We of Grade Nine,  
But I think you'll agree,  
We have quite a good time.

A.C.

## DEBATES

The preliminary debates held within the precincts of Grade 9 class room this year were of very high calibre. The participants, Peggy Lamb, Hazel Deadman, Claire Temple, Kay Bready, 'Andy' Cameron, Violet Webb, John Tilton, Eddie Hurn, 'Happy' Austin, Walter Scott, Alfred Le Poidevin, Don Gordon, all acquitted themselves nobly.

Subjects such as "Jazz versus Classical Music", "A Lie is Sometimes Justifiable," created such intense feeling that the riot act had to be read. Never since the time of Marc Antony did an audience so freely and willingly lend its ears to the forensic eloquence of orators.

The winners of the preliminaries, 'Andy' Cameron and Eddie Hurn, found they simply couldn't exist in this world of specialization so;

"They left to the others the 'Lamb' to be shorn,  
The processes made them so dizzy;  
And with graceful adieu from the fracas withdrew  
To where no one is specially 'Bissie'."



**STOP!!****GRADE  
EIGHT**

When we came into the Academy in September there were 14 in our class but since then we have acquired two new members. They are Paul d'Albenas and Nathan Goldberg both coming in after Christmas.

As is a custom Gr. VIII took part in the inter-class debates for the Hackett cup. Lloyd Bliss and Anne Pike representing. Debating against a much more experienced class they were defeated but they showed careful preparation and much promise for the future.

Things are running smoothly and everyone seems to be enjoying the privileges of Stanstead to the utmost.

---

### HOLMES MEMORIAL SCHOOL

The school year began in the usual way with joy in every heart at meeting old friends and making new ones. We have had a registration of 226 pupils in the Elementary School this year, and we have kept in mind that this is our "Jubilee" year and tried to measure up to what it stands for.

Our work promises to be creditable, as each grade already shows a fair number of pupils who have gained eighty per cent at the end of the second term. Five pupils in grade seven have secured their Bugbee Business College penmanship certificates with the completion of their course; and several in other grades are working towards that end, but their work finishes later.

Most of us have enjoyed the new course in English. The books are very interesting. We have had three fine magazines coming to the school this year. I think we all like Pictorial Education the best.

Grades one and two worked out two projects in the form of Indian and Eskimo corners, which were very popular with the small boys and girls.

We were much elated, when we came back this year, to hear of all the fun in store for us in the way of sports for both boys and girls; and we are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Amaron for helping us and making it possible for us to take part in so many different lines of sports. In the winter, we had hockey for the juniors every Saturday morning, while the older boys belonged to the Hockey League. The girls, also, have belonged to the House Hockey and Basketball Leagues; and rugby and track work have had attention too.

The pupils have been trying to help in Red Cross work. At Christmas we sold calendars and cleared \$32.00. Some of the Annex boys have made toys and puzzles for the children in hospital; and two new kinds of work this year have been introduced in collecting stamps and coupons. We have seven thousand stamps and over five hundred coupons. The stamps bring in money for the Crippled Children's Fund, and the coupons, articles to furnish the hospital wards. We had the travelling Red Cross Exhibit for several days, and it showed us what other Juniors are doing.

Our School prizes at the fall Fair amounted to \$68.00 and we have 106 pupils ready to plant gardens this year, while the girls are planning to make candy, cook, sew and can.

We have not shown much courage in the public speaking contests at the fair, but this year the Stanstead North Women's Institute is offering prizes for the best standing in this work in grades five, six and seven. The Institute has also continued to supply us with music records as last year.

Grade seven boys are competing for the Municipal Review of Canada prize in English Composition.

We thank all our friends and teachers for showing so much interest in our activities. The time some of us hope to enter High School will come soon, and we all hope to have as good times as we have had here.

—Billy Heath, Gr. VII.



# Bugbee Business College

"Hello Jack! Whither bound?"

"I'm off for business success."

"By what route?"

"Elevator."

"But the elevator to success is not running."

"What then?"

"You must take the stairs."

"Please explain."

"I mean a thorough training in practical business."

"Where am I assured of that?"

"At Bugbee Business College?"

"I want evidence."

"That's easy. Ask any graduate. You will find them holding good positions in many of the business houses of our province."

"Do you mean NOW — after three years of depression?"

"Yes. They are retained when many longer in office have been dropped."

"How do you account for that?"

"That is simple. It's thorough training they receive in that old reliable Commercial School — the B. B. C."

"Thanks Bill — a course in Bugbee for me."

\* \* \*

## LITERARY SOCIETY

<i>Executives:</i>	<i>1st Term</i>	<i>2nd Term</i>
Honorary President .....	Mr. J. D. McFadyen	Mr. J. D. McFadyen
President .....	L. Thos Bready	Arnold MacKenzie
1st Vice-President .....	Elsie Mizener	Elaine Mallard
2nd Vice-President .....	Earle Farley	Margaret Philp
Recording Secretary .....	Gordon Taylor	Elsie Mizener
Treasurer .....	Malcolm Mowle	Malcolm Mowle
Reporters .....	Bill Campbell	Gordon Taylor
Program Com. Convener .	Roger McKergow	Earle Farley

Owing to the activity of the President and Program Convener the results of the society's efforts were most gratifying. Besides the reading of the weekly issue of the "One Lung," current events, and addresses, a number of successful debates were held. A team of outstanding ability

consisting of two boys, Thos. Bready and Arnold MacKenzie, emerged and competed for the John Hackett Cup. They were not awarded the decision by the Judges, yet they acquitted themselves in such a manner as to earn the favorable decision of the audience. Parliamentary procedure was given careful attention at all the meetings.

A beautiful Interval Timer was presented to the B.B.C. by the society.

\* \* \*

This school year has been a little out of the usual. The attendance of both day and resident students has kept pace with the depression. However, the quality and Academic standing was above the average. This condition resulted in a deeper interest in cultural subjects and in the general good of the school. A high percentage of the Book-keeping class are taking either the McGill or the Montreal Board of Trade Exams. A deep interest was manifested in the Literary Society which resulted in a very creditable showing in the interclass debates. A class picture was made up as usual and a copy is secured by each student, which will be much cherished in the years to come.

\* \* \*

The Bugbee At Home is one of the big events of the year in the Business College. Invitations are extended to all the Staff and students of the Music and Academy departments including the teachers and senior grade of the Holmes Memorial School. The parents are also invited, as well as the trustees, the clergy and the medical men of the community. This year there was a fine attendance. On entering the guests were welcomed by a receiving committee consisting of Margaret Philp, Elsie Mizener, Thomas Bready and Arnold MacKenzie. Each guest was presented with a prom. card by Bill Campbell. Mr. and Mrs. McFadyen were also present to add a word of greeting. The decorations as usual were attractive. The colors were artistically arranged and blended beautifully with the evergreen background. Drawings, business maxims and flourishes in colored crayons decorated the black-boards. The program was in the hands of Thomas Bready. Besides proms and dancing the following students made contributions:

*Speech* — Arnold McKenzie  
*Vocal Solo* — Roger McKergow  
*Reading* — Kathleen Bready  
*Vocal Solo* — Alexander Gilbert  
*Piano Solo* — Harold Mandigo  
*Reading* — Kathleen Bready

A word of welcome was spoken by Mr. J. D. McFadyen and



COMMERCIAL CLASS



was responded to by Prin. E. C. Amaron. A dainty lunch was served early in the evening. At 11 p.m. a very pleasant event ended by all joining in singing the two National Anthems.

### A FAITHFUL STENOGRAPHER

"Now, Miss Burns," roared Jasper Brindle, president of the Whirlwind Laundry Company, to his new stenographer; "I want you to understand that when I dictate a letter I want it written just as dictated and not the way you think it should be. Undersand?" "Yes, Sir," said Miss Burns. "All right, get your book and take this letter."

The next morning B. A. Squizz of the Squizz Flexible Soap Company, received the following:

"Mr. B. A. of J. something, look it up, Squizz. President of the Squizz, what a name, Flexible Soap Company, the gyps. Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it?"

"Dear Mr. Squizz, hmmm: "You're a bum business man. No start over. He's a crook, but I can't insult him, or he'll sue me. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand, no, scratch out I want you to understand. Ah, unless you can ship, furnish, ship, no furnish us with your regular soap you needn't ship us no more, period, or what ever the grammar is, and please pull down your skirt. This cussed cigar is out again, pardon me and further more where was I? Nice bob you have. Paragraph. The soap you sent us wasn't fit to wash the dishes no make that dog with comma, let alone the laundry comma and we're sending it back period. Yours truly. Read that over, no never mind. I won't waste any more time on that egg. I'll look at the carbon to morrow. Sign my name. We must go out to lunch soon, eh?"

\* \* \*

### PERSONAL

#### ELAINE MALLARD

Elaine is a hard worker and is doing very well in class. We expect to see her make a name for herself some day.

#### ELSIE MIZENER

Seicl Editor; Bugbee Prom Hostess; Debating '33.

Elsie is the brilliant member of the shorthand class. Her ambition being to see how far she can get on the least possible effort. She filled the duties of Literary Society secretary and Bugbee representative on the magazine staff.

#### MARGARET PHILP

Basketball; Prom Hostess; Debating '33.



Margaret won her spurs in basketball and she is also making good in bookkeeping. Her interest and enthusiasm are a great help to the class.

MAUDE PYE

Seicl; Hockey; Tennis; Debating '33.

Maude is the gigolo of the Girls' Flats and Bugbee's best correspondent (at one time). She loves the breath of battle and possesses an insatiable desire to conquer the world. Nevertheless she is a very nice person to have around because of her cheery disposition, and we all wish her the best of luck.

TOM BREADY

Sr. Rugby '29-'30-'32; Sr. Basketball '31-'32-'33; Sr. Track '31; Jr. Hockey '32; Treas. of the Athletic Association; President of Literary Society '32; Debating '33.

Tom's winning personality has made many friends for himself on both sides of the Border Line.

ALTON CASS

Jr. Rugby '32; Winner Cross Country '32.

Alton comes to school on his "byke" but despite that fact always gets here on time. He has high hopes of being a farmer some day. Good Luck, Alton!

BILL CAMPBELL

Jr. Rugby '32; Track '32; Hockey '33.

Bill is the cheeriest member of the class, and his winning personality and infectious smile have made him many friends.

SWEDE FARLEY

Sr. Rugby '28-'29-'30-'31-'32; Sr. Basketball '32-'33; Track '29-'30-'31-'32; Hockey '30-'31-'32-'33. Tennis, Secretary of the Seicl.

"Swede" has been with us for eleven years and is a valuable member of the class. He is popular with all and has a way with girls.

LAWRENCE FARROW

Lawrence is the sheik of the class but the trouble is that he is too often conspicuous for his absence.

ALEC GILBERT

Alec is one of our song birds. He sports a Buick Roadster and is occassionally accompanied by a young lady with Harold Mandigo as chaperon.

JOHN GREER

Phi Chi '32-'33. Hockey.

Johnnie has one great distinction, that of being "Swede's" room-

mate, but he still can "hold his own" even when "Masie" is not here.

#### OSCAR HEATH

Sr. Rugby '32.

Oscar is going to be our big business man some day, but at present he is employed in looking for a job. He has a very genial manner and is a good mixer.

#### EDWARD LANGEVIN

Sr. Hockey '32.

Eddie is a hockey player of no mean repute, but when it comes to Arithmetic and Rapid Cal. that's another story.

#### ARNOLD MACKENZIE

Hockey '33; Debating '33; President Literary Society '33. B.B.C. Magazine Representative '33; Valedictorian.

Arnold has distinguished himself as a public speaker, and in spite of his deep interest in Bishop's University is still our best student.

#### MALCOLM MOWLE

Sr. Rugby '29-'30-'31-'32; Sr. Hockey '30-'31-'32-'33. Track; Tennis; Treas. Literary Society '32-'33.

Mac, our student teacher, is good at sports, but does not like shorthand. Nevertheless, we expect some day to see him emerge as a teacher or a financial magnate.

#### LORNE MACDONALD

Hockey '33; Jr. Rugby '32; Assistant Manager of Magazine.

Lorne is Scotstown's gift to Stanstead, and is very much interested in the Montreal General Hospital, as well as Bookkeeping.

#### ROGER MCKERGROW

Sr. Rugby '32; Seicl; Tennis.

Roger is our musician; besides playing the organ he has a very good tenor voice which he exercises on special occasions. Unfortunately he has an inexplicable aversion to orange combs.

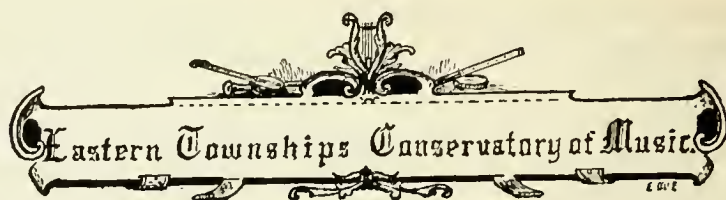
#### GORDON SHIPWAY

Gordon is a piano player as well as a composer of music, poetry, and short stories. We don't know about his ambition, but we know that Miss Edwards' ambition for him is that he should get 90 words on his typewriter.

#### GORDON TAYLOR

Track; Seicl; Debating.

"Jack" is a very likeable fellow and has made many friends since his arrival at Stanstead. He does not expect to follow in his father's footsteps, but wants a white collar job.



"Fifty years ago, Quebec province was looked upon as an unmusical part of Canada, but the people of this province have shown during the last quarter of a century that our people have a strong musical sense, and we can point with pride to the fact that hundreds of thousands of the youth of the province are improving themselves in this study of instrumental and vocal music, while there are not wanting goodly numbers of those who have gone far into the study of music, and as pianists, vocalists and violinists have made the Province of Quebec famous."

Stanstead may justly be proud of the distinction which she may claim as being a centre where the art of music is fostered to a high degree. While the other schools and colleges of music throughout the Dominion invariably report a great decrease in registration we are pleased to say that our numbers are only five or six less than last year. The usual busy life of the Conservatory has been carried on in full swing again this year, and the many special events for which the department is well known, have not been lacking.

One feature of the Diamond Jubilee Reunion last September and October was a recital given by some of the former students of the Conservatory, assisted by Mr. Finlay Campbell, the well-known Canadian baritone. The programme consisted of choruses directed by Mr. A. C. Cowles, vocal solos by Miss Louise Masten and Mr. Campbell, piano solos by Mrs. J. G. Fuller and Mr. William Ross, a reading by Mrs. S. F. Kenerson, and a violin selection by Miss Muriel Heath. The accompanist for the evening was Mrs. H. M. Lamb.

One week-end in November, the Sunday afternoon vespers were replaced by a short piano recital given by Miss Mary Munn, a blind pianist who has been recently studying in London under Tobias Matthay. Her program which consisted of selections from Bach, Beethoven and Chopin, proved very interesting, and was a fine example of how the handicap of blindness can be overcome by a great love for the beautiful.

December brought us two events, a recital by the faculty of the Conservatory, and one by Mr. Ernest Johnson, colored baritone from Boston. The former recital consisted of a piano ensemble, vocal, piano and violin solos, and a violin quartet. In the latter Mr. Johnson pre-

sented a wide variety of song, from the German classicists to the Negro gospel songs. He was very ably assisted by Miss Henley who acted as his accompanist.

During the second term, from February to April, a series of student recitals and sing songs was held every Thursday evening. These proved to be very beneficial not only in giving the coming musicians a chance to perform in public.

Mr. Deane Miner, celebrated Canadian violinist, who has been recently studying and travelling in the United States and Europe, visited the College early in March, and favoured us with a recital. His program which consisted of several numbers from Bach, Kriesler and other composers, included a concerto by Mendelsshon, and proved to be educational as well as very interesting. During an intermission, Miss Jean Campbell rendered two pleasing vocal solos. Miss McFadzen, the accompanist for the evening, performed with all her usual excellence.

At the time of going to press, we are anxiously looking forward to two graduation recitals, one by Miss Margaret Henley who is receiving her diploma as soloist in piano, and the other by Miss Elma Martin who is graduating as soloist in voice.

It is with much regret that we learn that Miss Ward and Miss Noble will not be with us next year. Both these teachers have been very popular and efficient members of the Conservatory staff, and their loss will be keenly felt by everyone.

— Harold Mandigo.

### *Eye Strain*

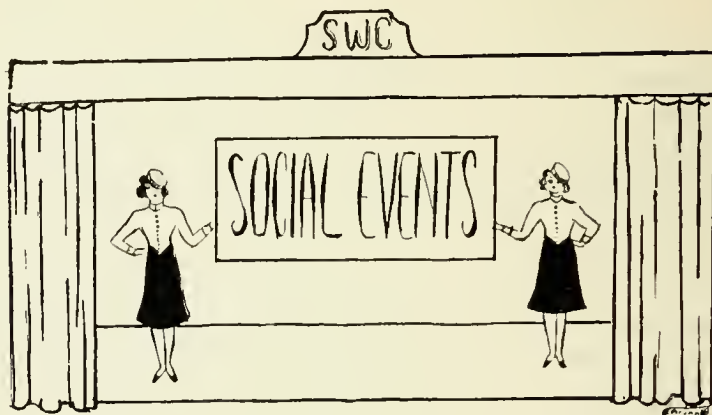
Mr. Martin — Have you no trade or profession to work at?

Whitehead — I was a symphony musician, but I ruined my eyesight looking for the rests in music.

### *Friendly*

Bob — I was encored three times wasn't I?

Hero — Yes. The audience seemed to realize that you needed practise.



The social life of the College was officially opened by a "Prom" given by the Old Students to the New Students. The entertainment was varied, and besides the usual proms and dances a musical program was given. The evening was very much enjoyed by all and served to promote a friendly spirit between the Old and New Students.

Hallowe'en was celebrated by an informal party in the gymnasium. Several Hallowe'en games were played, and music was provided by the College orchestra for a few dances during the evening.

International Night is perhaps the most individual of all the social affairs of the season. This year almost every country was represented in the costumes worn by the guests. The gymnasium was attractively and appropriately decorated for the occasion. The various booths represented different countries, and offered food, candy, fancy work and novelties for sale. Perhaps mention should be given to one of the most interesting and typical booths, namely the "Dutch Windmill" which seemed to be the most successful in conveying the spirit and atmosphere of the country which it represented. An international entertainment was given during the course of the evening by artists from Montreal, Beebe and Stanstead. The proceeds of the International Night programs are given to the foreign missions. This year a sum of ten dollars was also given to Miss Libby to be used for local charity.

The Annual Thanksgiving Banquet was held in the month of October in the College dining room. The tables were attractively arranged and a spirit of festivity reigned. Toasts were proposed by students and members of the Staff, while the guest speaker for the evening was Dr. Wallace of Orleans, Vermont. As well as toasts and addresses there was a brief musical program.

The social functions for the first term were brought to a fitting



close by the Christmas dance. This was held in the gymnasium which was decorated in red and white, the school colours.

The first dance ever held by the Phi Chi Society took the form of a Valentine Party. This perhaps was the most ambitious of any dance given this year. The gym was beautifully decorated in Valentine colours, and delicious refreshments were served by the members of the Society. The music which was furnished by Ray de Gruchy and his orchestra, helped to make the evening a great success.

The Bugbee Business College "At Home" proved to be one of the most enjoyable events of the year. This is an annual affair and if possible the entertainment surpassed that of former years.

St. Patrick's Day was observed by the Seicl Dance. The gym was appropriately decorated in green and white. This was the first dance given by the Seicl, and the students all join in the wish that it will become an annual event.

A number of social activities are planned for the spring term. Among these are the Academy of Music Prom, the Grade Ten Dance, and the June Prom. An informal dance was held immediately after the return from the Easter Vacation.

Last year Mrs. Amaron and the lady teachers inaugurated the custom of monthly teas for friends of the College. These were continued this year, and did much to promote a friendly spirit between teachers and parents.

— Isobel Morrill.

\* \* \*

## THE PHI CHI SOCIETY

The Phi Chi Society held a series of weekly sessions during 1932-33. Business was handled formally, and the meetings were always brisk and interesting. The club was organized under the able leadership of Mr. Hackett and the members are indebted to him for his unfailing help and interest. This year the Phi Chi held a dance on St. Valentine's Day and they hope to make it an annual affair. Everyone participated willingly in all the activities of the club.

The members are looking forward to next year when they hope the club will again be organized.

## THE SEICL

Early in the school year the remaining members of the last year's Seicl held an informal meeting in the College Parlours to discuss the possibilities of continuing the Seicl. These members realizing the good they derived from this Society in which Literature, Public Speaking and Dramatics are stressed, decided that the Seicl should be continued along its last year's lines, its membership consisting of students from Grades eleven, twelve and Bugbee.

In October the rejuvenated Seicl held its first meeting and elected the following officers: Bill Amaron, President; Elma Martin, Vice-President; Edith Belyea, Chairman of Dramatics; Isobel Morrill, Chairman of Public Speaking; Kay Morrill, Editor of the College column in the Stanstead Journal and Earle Farley as Secretary-Treasurer. Later in the year due to the absence of Kay Morrill, a new Editor, Elsie Mizener was appointed.

Routine business and the reading of the week's current events constitute the nucleus of the evening's program. This is supplemented by a special feature each week — this feature usually dealing with one of the main emphases of the Society.

During the year the Seicl has been able to make several appearances in public. The first appearance being in the form of a debate in Pierce Hall. The subject was "Resolved that the world is going to the dogs." The affirmative was upheld by Isobel Morrill and Bill Barnard, the negative by Maude Pye and Bill Amaron.

Not long after this the Seicl members were the hosts of their rivals the Phi Chi for the purpose of an inter-club debate. The subject was "Resolved that dictatorship is the best form of government." The affirmative was upheld by the Phi Chi in the persons of Frieda Bindman and Bob Kneeland, the negative by Isobel Morrill and Ruston Lamb. The decision was given in favour of the negative.

Due to the efforts of the Seicl, inter-class debating was instituted last year and a cup secured for it. After a month's work by the various classes six teams were placed in the running for the John T. Hackett trophy. Of the six teams competing for class honours Bugbee and Grade XI proved their right to be finalists. The final debate was held in Pierce Hall to a large and appreciative audience. The subject of the debate was "Resolved that dictatorship is the best form of government." The affirmative was upheld by the Bugbee team Arnold McKenzie and Tom Bready. The negative by Ruston Lamb and Ted Bissonnet. This debate was very interesting to the listeners and the points were so even that

it was only after great deliberation by the judges that the cup was presented to Grade XI by Mrs. John T. Hackett.

This year the Seicl put on one play. This play was called "Bread" and typified present day conditions. The players were Elsie Mizener, Isobel Morrill, Edith Belyea, Maude Pye, Ruston Lamb and Earle Farley. This play was put on twice, once in the afternoon and once at night and met with the approval of the audiences.

This year space was again acquired in the Stanstead Journal under the editorship of Elsie Mizener, who with her competent staff edited weekly two columns of happenings of interest in the College year.

This feature of our club was begun last year and has been of interest not only to the ones it concerns but to the whole community.

Before writing finis to this chronicle of happenings in our club, I would like to thank Mr. Amaron, our principal, for the time he has spent in helping us make this year's club the success it has been.

*Members of the Seicl:-* Bill Amaron, Pres.; Elma Martin, Vice-Pres.; Isobel Morrill, Chairman of Public Speaking; Edith Belyea, Chairman of Dramatics; Elsie Mizener, Editor of Stanstead Column; Muriel Arnoff, Frances Carberry, Constance Seifert, Maude Pye, Gordon Taylor, Harold Mandigo, Alfred Bissonnet, Roger McKergow, William Barnard, Ruston Lamb.

— Earle Farley, Sec.-Treas.



## EDITORIAL SECTION

### CLIMBING MT. EDITH CAVELL

Last summer, seven of us, caddies at Jasper Park, obtained permission to attempt to climb Mt. Edith Cavell. This mountain, which is 11,033 feet high, was named after that great war nurse, Edith Cavell.

On Friday night, about 11:30, we all climbed into an old truck which was to drive us to a point as near the foot of the mountain as possible. The drive lasted an hour, and then we all tumbled out of the truck, and, led by Hans and Heine Fraber, two Swiss guides, started our long hike.

We arrived at the base of the mountain at five o'clock, where we enjoyed some coffee and sandwiches. We then started the ascent. Our path led us through a belt of trees but eventually we struck the barer spots, where trees were scarce.

The walking was rough but fortunately we all had stout boots and were little troubled with any sore feet.

At about eleven o'clock, we reached the ice and snow belt. Here we attached a rope around our waists, and with a guide at either end of the line, started the perilous part of the climb. At first the ice was soft and loose but gradually it became harder and we found the footing rather difficult at times. Many times I experienced an odd and sickening feeling as we crossed over narrow ridges and looked down several hundreds of feet. Once or twice we were forced to climb up ridges which seemed to stand almost perpendicular, and great was our relief when Hans disappeared over the ridge and "stuck" his ice pick.

By now, we were hoping to see the summit at any time, but time after time our hopes were destroyed when, on thinking we had reached the top, we found ourselves on a large ridge and a good distance left to travel.

At length weary but happy we emerged onto the summit of the mountain. I shall never forget the first thoughts of the magnificent scene which broadened below. The Athabasca river looked like a white thread on the back of a man's tweed suit and the path of the railway line could be seen winding its way between the mountains. Fortunately it had turned out a perfect day, and we took many pictures which later turned out quite well. Although there was plenty of snow around us, the air was quite warm so we took off our shirts and sweaters and had a real snow-ball fight. We had some chocolate and coffee, and then started down.

The ascent had seemed perilous and frightening, but going down we found to be even worse. The open empty spaces were constantly before us, and more than once we were tempted to hang back, only to receive a laugh from the guide behind and a tug from our guide in front. As we neared the soft snow belt we found it difficult to obtain a secure foothold, and several of us slipped, only to be jerked to a stop by the rope. At last the guides untied the rope and we were allowed to find our own path. It had been dark for an hour when we had started on the last stretch to the base. We arrived here, shortly and ate what was left of our few provisions. Once again we found ourselves walking, mechanically by now, neither speaking or laughing.

We arrived at the road just about midnight, but found that our truck driver was not there. We all expected to rest until he arrived, but no one can imagine our astonishment when we were told to "get going" by the guides. This order sounded like the command of a cruel task-master to our sleepy minds, but we very soon found ourselves walking-walking and still walking.

The headlights of our truck, piercing through the darkness seemed like the lights of heaven to us, and tired though we were we could all find energy enough to fight for the best place to sleep on the last leg of our trip. It seemed as though I'd only been asleep a minute when somebody yelled in my ear and rolled me out of the truck. I opened my eyes and found that we had arrived back at the Lodge at last. I walked slowly up the steps and into the hall leading to my room. That few yards to my door seemed like a mile to me, but after a great deal of struggling to keep on my feet, I slowly manoeuvred my way to my room. The light was on, my bed clothes pulled back so I rolled right into my bed. I managed to take off my boots and pants somehow, but after that everything was a blank. Twenty-six hours on your feet is tiresome, but when climbing a mountain gets mixed into that length of time its too much for me. That night I swore never to climb a hill again, but with the practice the hill in Derby Line gives us, I think I will be in condition to climb Mt. Edith Cavell this summer again.

— Don Ross (Gr. X).

*"The soul of music slumbers  
in its shell  
Till roused or quickened  
by the Master's spell."*

A wonderful thought, this, which has its parallels in all God's great universe. Take for example the seed. From this seed come the



most beautiful flowers to delight the eye, vegetables which provide nourishment for our bodies, and the mightiest of trees which give us bodily needs and protection. We do not fully realize this when we look at the seed and not until it be transformed into a thing of beauty by God's Magic touch do we fully appreciate its latent wonders. I wonder if our souls are imprisoning the love of the good, the true and the beautiful! Who can tell by looking at a seed what will come from within? The same is true of a person. The outward manner does not always reveal the depths of the soul.

And so it is with many of us who come to S. W. C. We do not realize our possibilities until the proper influence breaks the shell. Among these broadening influences of S. W. C. are the chapel services, the ever present spirit of fellowship among teachers and students, the musical atmosphere in which we live. Our latent aesthetic talents are brought to light and developed.

— Bertha Merrill (Gr. IX).

### THE ELAPHANTS GRAVE YARD

Along a white beaten trail two or three natives came in site folowed by three white men and about twenty blacks. Suddnely the white men clapped there rifles to there shoulders and the natives faces turned white or really not white but pale (if a natives face can turn pale) as thirty feet of python came gliding along the ground. there came a loud report, and when the smoke cleared the snake was lashing furisly. a native was struck by his coils and dropped sensless. another shot rang out and the python lay still. kites came from all qartetrs of the jungle and soon the carrion was cleared off the face of the earth. now the explores were seeking to find the 'elaphants grave yard', wich is in South Africa, as you no. now high in the lofty trees there swung a great ape seeing what he thoght wood be a good meal. and so he began swinging down at teriffic speed. the natives saw him coming and at once fled in difrent dirictoins. the white men raised thir rifles and rfied the ape wich before looked like a tornado and now looked like a volcano wich showed plain as print that it was wounded. he fell in a heap. an Elaphant which was passing by grabbed the dead ape and made off with it through the gungle. agian the hunters fired but they had emptied there Magazines. the beaters had recovered from there fright and returned when they saw the elphant plunging toward them. two or three spears plunged into the living rock and wounded it turned and fled. the men followed it for about a mile when it suddnely disapeard. when the natives and white men came up they got

a terrible shock for they were at a cliff, and far below them was seen through field glasses thousands and hundreds of dead elephants stretching away for about a mile. but what was that beside the cliff. a bleached skull. yes, and a tattered pith helmet. another explorer had found the hole but had died in the act.

end

by Sidney Lamb grade 3

### A TRIP TO EUSTIS MINES

Take a trip with me to the Eustis Mines, the deepest mines in the world, not so many miles from here. You will notice it as you pass on your way to Sherbrooke by train; not a pretty wayside village with green grass and healthy trees, but a most barren, cheerless place. This is due to the copper dust and acid which kills all the growth, even the garden crops.

We leave the station and go up the hill till we come to a group of ten red houses and a store. This is the village.

Then climbing up another hill of about forty-five degrees, we come to the drum house which contains great wire ropes on big drums, which let down the ore to the mill.

Next we go to the compressor room where they generate electricity and compressed air for the men underground. This leads us to the tunnel which is around 1200 feet in length. At the end of it we come to the hoist which lets us down underground. We sit on a small car which holds as many men as are on the shift, usually about forty-five. This car is like a ladder with four wheels, hinged in the middle. It has to stop at certain levels. They are all numbered according to the number of thousand feet you are down. You go down to the first level which is 18, then 20, 36, 40, and the lowest one is 56. The most dangerous of these levels is at thirty-six because it has so much loose rock and also because this is where the blasting powder is kept.

This car descends at an angle of forty-five degrees. When we reach the bottom we see the 'mucker' at work, hauling the ore in a wheelbarrow to the skip. This skip holds about twelve tons. The ore goes up to the tunnel where it is put in bins till it is carried to the mill. Next we come to the men who are drilling holes to put in blasting powder. We come to large holes, as large as Stanstead College, where the ore has been taken out. We call these stoops. The men who work underground are nearly all Slavs, because Canadians do not like to work below the earth.

Now we are all dirty and have seen all there is to see, so we are ready to go up on the skip or box-car.

"Look out for your head or you'll get a bump!"

We'll go out now to the smell of real fresh air again. And now as we are going back down the hill, let me tell you all about the ownership of the mines. They were formerly owned by the Eustis Mining Company, under German management. Then they were bought and are now controlled by the Consolidated Copper and Sulphur Company. The mines are more than a hundred years old.

— Elizabeth McKeage, Gr. 7..

### OUR LADY OF VALENCIA

There is in one of the prettiest parks in Spain a bronze statue known as Our Lady of Valencia. The bare rocks tower high above where the swallow and the black-bird nests, while the sprawling city lies spread out below with the blue Mediterranean stretching beyond into the boundless infinitude where sea and sky meet. Throughout the centuries a grove of orange and lime trees have grown up around this statue, and ages of pleasure seekers and lovers have worn a deep path into the hard soil as they sauntered up the slope to reach the quiet shade of the orange trees and to rest and love and dream in this peaceful atmosphere. But in an age of hurry and bustle like ours the old park has been almost forgotten, for now youth has other ideals than rest, and other places call.

Today only a ragged beggar visits Our Lady, and sitting at her feet plays a harp and sings, in a broken, wearied old voice, songs that have once stirred the hearts of knights and dark-eyed ladies of Castile and Aragon in the time of Spain's glory. Often he looks over the sea with his haggard eyes at the ships on the far rim of the horizon passing to Marseille or the coast of Africa and he sighs because old age has overtaken him, while the world is still young. The sun sets over the mountain slope in a red glory, while the lights in the city below begin to twinkle, and the moon rises out of the Mediterranean, but he still remains, and his head falling forward on his chest, he sleeps, in that place, where in his youth he had dreamed of happiness and fame.

— Lee Heath, Gr. XII.

### TRANSLATION FROM GERMAN

from A. Luebke, "*Technik und Mensch im Jahre 2000*".

Increase in Efficiency of utilization of  
Natural Energy in our Economic Life.

The Use and Transformation of Coal.

Especially necessary is a complete transformation of the coal at

the place of origin, and improvement in the facilities for the application of more economical mining methods. The coal industry has taken steps in this direction in the last year. The improvements in the machinery used in mining, the better use of waste steam and waste gases in the mines have here been separately taken up, but above all these economies stands the distillation of coal; the transformation into gas and the preparation of substances of high value contained in the coal, especially the manufacture of oil. When one considers that before the War some 50 million tons of coal yearly went to waste through simply burning up in furnaces, then one can understand the warning, that the economists must necessarily search for the possibility of diminishing this enormous loss, which, expressed in money, amounts to  $\frac{1}{2}$  billion gold marks. The day must come when we will ship no coal at all. In the future everything valuable that the Earth gives us must, at the very place of origin, be made into gas, electric power, or into oil. The time will come, when we in Europe must and will come to this situation, because Industry has only to follow the plans laid down by Science. We will no longer be able to say, "Coal marches to industry," but instead, "Industry marches to coal." The transformed coal, be it in the form of electricity, gas, or transported heat, will go to the consumer only in this transformed state, and laws should be passed, to insure that the coal reaches the consumer in this state only. For only in this manner, by taking full use of the irreplaceable black diamond, will we create wealth, stimulate trade, provide for new industries, and consequently, work again for many, bringing with it to the poor the possibility of taking part in the savings resulting from these new methods.

— Wm. Stockwell.

\* \* \*

### OUR SAVIOUR

We should help the little children,  
The children far away,  
To learn about our Saviour  
In every single way.

Each boy and girl will love Him,  
Love Him in every way;  
They always will be happy,  
And this is what they'll say:

We wish all of the little children,  
To pray to Him each day,  
And then our darling Saviour,  
Will never see them stray.

"We'll love our darling Saviour,  
And always with Him pray,  
And then we shall be happy,  
The whole live-long day."

— Violet Pope, Gr. 4.

I'd like to go a-fishing, and catch a trout or two,  
 I'd give my Mother one, and then give you one too.  
 We can't change yesterday, that is clear,  
 Nor begin on tomorrow until it is here,  
 So all there is for you and for me,  
 Is to make today as sweet as can be.

— James Poapst, Gr. 2.

### THE ROBIN

Up in the branches a bird I can see,	We call you the robin,
Building its nest in the top of a tree.	And love you the best,
Say little birdie, where did you go	We'll watch you all summer,
When the earth was all covered	And help guard your nest.
with ice and with snow?	

You sang your songs elsewhere  
 As sweet as could be,  
 But oh I am glad,  
 That you came back to me.

Once more you will leave us,  
 We know not for where,  
 But hope God will give you  
 His most tender care.

— Peggy Bliss, Gr. 4.

I wish I had a bull dog	But when the teacher came in sight
That would snarl and growl,	I tried to run and hide;
I'd put him by the school house	The teacher looked so pale and
To make the children howl. [door	I wish my dog'd been tied. [white

— Donald Prangley, Gr. 1.

### DE FLOWERS

Pretty little flowers  
 Bloomin' all de day,  
 When de rain comes fallin'  
 De flowers fade away.

When de sun comes out again,  
 Dey laugh an dance an play,  
 An dey're very lovely,  
 All de liv'long day.

— Robert Mackintosh, Gr. 4.



## GRANDFATHER'S SPECTACLES

Grandfather's spectacles cannot be found;  
 He has searched all the rooms, round and round;  
 Now he calls to the children and what does he say?  
 Ten cents for the child who will find them today.  
 Then Nelly and Henry and Edward all ran,  
 And a most busy hunt for the glasses began;  
 But dear little Nell, in her kindest way,  
 Said, "I'll look for them grandpa, without any pay."  
 Now Nelly was leaning on grandfather's knee,  
 She was thinking most earnestly where they could be.  
 Then all of a sudden to his grey faded eyes,  
 Nell's own brown ones grew big with surprise;  
 "You may leave off hunting both Harry and Ned,  
 For there are the glasses on grandfather's head."

— Hilda Lane, Gr. 4.

\* \* \*

These are the things I would of Thee  
 O Eternal Power;  
 Strength for my spirit,  
 Courage to bear my burden,  
 And the everlasting Light  
 To guard against all evils.  
 And to bear within me  
 A light and cheerful heart,  
 That I my fellow-men may help,  
 In all distress within or without.

— Peter Savage, Gr. 7.

\* \* \*

Yesterday has gone I know,  
 Tomorrow is not here,  
 We are living today as best we can,  
 So we will have nothing to fear.

— Edward Roberts, Gr. 2.

## HABITS

We have seen that every activity is the result of a message that is sent out from the nerve centres. The first time a message for voluntary action is sent out, it passes over the nerve circuit with difficulty and the resulting action is awkward. But repeated sending of the message and repeated practise of the action finally produces habit or skill. All of our much-repeated activities grow into habits. It is well for us that this is so and that the doing of an habitual thing requires so little mental effort. If it were not so, we should be worn out each day with the doing of simple things such as dressing ourselves, eating, walking, etc.

But we are also constantly forming habits that are of moral, social and commercial importance. Since most of the habits we cultivate stay with us for a lifetime, it is impossible to overestimate the importance of cultivating the right sort of habits in youth.

— Eddie Hurn, (Gr. IX).

## A JUNE AFTERNOON

It all began one afternoon in June when my friend Bob Gorman and myself were out for a ride on our motor-cycle in the country in the bracing spring air.

We were about ten miles from the nearest town on a small country road. We had never been over the road before and it was with great surprise that we rounded a curve and came upon a great grey stone building. It had at one time evidently been a fine home but was gradually falling into ruin.

The afternoon was hot and we decided to go up the drive to a large fountain which looked very refreshing. We turned our bikes and went through the large rusty iron gates. As we rode up the drive and surveyed what had once been a beautiful garden, a strange feeling stole over us, that could not be described.

Thinking that the house had long been deserted we went over to a rock and sat down and surveyed it.

"Bob," said I at length, "I feel something strange about this house that I cannot describe."

"Why, I have the same feeling myself, come to think of it," he said, "I'll bet there is something strange going on here."

"Hello!" I said "What's that!"

"What is what?" said he.

"Why look at the flat roof over the left wing of the house," said I, "It is slowly lifting up."

When the two sides of the roof had risen to a right angle we noticed that they served as braces for a crane, and cables were being let down into the house. Suddenly the cables pulled taught and out of the house was lifted a giant heliicopter. Several men were busy around the plane evidently getting ready for a flight. Then one started the motors and two men were seen to get into the plane which immediately rose straight into the air.

"Well," said I breaking the tension, "What do you make of that?"

"I'm hanged if I know," was my companion's reply.

"Let's hide our bikes over in those bushes," I said at length, "And then go up and hide near the house, I want to find out what this is all about. That machine that has just taken to the air is not known in the town, which would certainly be the case if there were not crooked business."

"I agree with you," said Bob, so we hid our bikes and then creeping up under the trees we hid behind the garage.

We were just in time, for as we did so three men came out of the house. One had a great scar on his cheek, another had two fingers missing and the third had a bandaged hand held in a sling. They spoke roughly to each other and went into the garage. We strained our ears against the walls of the garage and could barely hear what they were saying.

"Well," said one of them who seemed to be a leader, "I hope that Stephen and Buckland deliver the goods, I'm getting sick of this game. We are likely to be caught any day, and we've cleaned up quite a good little sum. I vote we quit."

"Same here" said another "But we'll have to get one more load of alloy. We promised that we'd pour just one more lot. The press is busted anyhow so we can't make any more paper money."

"Well let's go and get the metal anyway, there is only four hundred pounds so we'll take the limousine and go in style."

"Wait," said another man, "do you think Henry will be all right alone to-day?" "I don't know, I feel something is going to happen."

"Aw you're getting scared in your old age," said the third man. "Come in, it's five o'clock now, we have to go sixty miles to get the goods; we should be back at ten."

"O.K. come on let's go."

The engine of the car started, and when it was backed out we noticed that it was a Rolls Royce capable of going one hundred and ten miles per hour. Certainly these criminals, for we know them now as such,

had taken every precaution for a quick get-away.

"Well," I whispered to Bob after they had gone, "What shall we do?"

"Let's get into that house," he replied, "and see what is going on, they won't be back till ten o'clock and there's only one man on guard."

We had our target revolvers with us, for occasionally we practiced shooting while on our excursions.

"O.K." said I, "Let's go."

We went around to the back of the house and looked through a window into a room which seemed to be unoccupied. We were just on the point of trying to lift the window when I noticed two small wires painted the same colour as the house.

"Wait, Bob" said I. "These two wires are probably to go to a burglar alarm and will immediately give us away. Let's cut them." We did so and then cautiously lifted the window and crept into the room.

"Look," said Bob pointing to a bunch of rope over in the corner "let's take that with us, we may have to tie this Henry up, if he crosses our path."

We stole cautiously into the hall where a dim electric light was burning in a chandelier. The house seemed to be furnished with furniture that I thought an antique collector would delight in. In several of the rooms there was beautiful oak panelling.

We didn't see anything that seemed unusual, and finally we entered the main hall where a great winding-well-stair-case went up for three stories. We ascended the first storey and saw nothing out of the ordinary. We ascended to the third storey and were just going to enter a large room when a suave voice broke the silence. "Do not move my dear young friends, for I have you covered with my automatic. Seeing you are so interested in my house perhaps you would like to see some of my experiments. I was wondering what I should do till ten tonight, being all alone, and I like company," he said with a leer. "Kindly open the first door on your left and go in."

We obeyed and when we saw the contents of the room we were amazed. It was one mass of glass chemical instruments, wires and electrical apparatus of all sorts as well as great cupboards full of jars of chemicals. A sickly blue light illuminated the place, casting a depressing mood over us. Over in one corner of this laboratory bench were a few small parcels addressed to Professor Von Hunzt, and we guessed that this must be the man's name. He came over to us and felt of our clothes and took our weapons and the rope.

"Well," he said at length, "perhaps you will be interested in the

"Cage of Eternity" and he motioned to the great glass cage in the corner.

"Why do you call it that?" I asked.

"Watch and you will see," he replied.

He went over to a small pen and took out a guinea-pig and then fumbled with the great latch of the "cage of Eternity" which seemed to be causing some trouble. When he finally opened the door he placed the guinea-pig on the iron chair and then quickly closed the door.

"Now watch closely," he snapped and then he closed a switch and immediately there was a puff inside and the guinea-pig had vanished into a fine mist which filled the cage. "Ah," he said and gave an imbecile giggle, "that is just exactly what we do with young fellows who will not mind their own business," "now," he said addressing Bob, and still pointing his gun at us, "you will kindly take the seat inside the cage of eternity, and then," addressing me, "I will deal with you later, in the same way."

He turned his back on us for an instant to open the big glass door, and in an instant we were upon him and took his gun from him.

"Get the rope," I told Bob, and we had him bound and gagged and tied to a post in the middle of the room. Then taking the Professor's gun and our own guns from the laboratory bench we went out and locked the door of the laboratory.

"Well, that was as near as I ever want to get to that cage," Bob said impressively.

"Same here," I replied.

"Let's see, it's seven o'clock now we've been all over the house except the cellar, let's search it," I said.

"O.K." said Bob, "lead the way."

We descended the way we had come up and at last with some difficulty found the cellar door. We descended a winding staircase and then to our astonishment found several moulds of golden dollars, fifty cent pieces, quarters and dimes. Over to one side of these moulds was a printing press evidently for making bills, and to the right of this press was a small smelting furnace used for melting the metal. On the floor were several pieces of the counterfeit money.

"Look" said Bob, "they seem exactly like the real thing."

"Sure," I answered, "that's what they have that laboratory for. They change metal into silver and gold."

"Do you really think so?" Bob asked in amazement.

"I'm sure of it," I replied.

"Well," Bob said, "we have discovered a counterfeiters' den, the thing to do now is to notify the police."



"Right," I replied. "It is half past eight now, and the whole gang will be here at ten o'clock. "We'll go home and come back at ten with about twenty policemen and catch the whole bunch red-handed.

We came back that night. there were twenty in our whole party. We found the whole gang in the cellar pouring the metal and caught them like mice in traps.

The next day I was over at Bob's and we were rehearsing our past adventure. "That was a pretty slick means of distributing their goods in that heliicopter, I'd sure like to have one."

"Ditto," said I.

That afternoon Bob and I each received a letter from the Chief of Police stating that in compensation for our services the town was giving us the heliicopter and paying for an instructor and fuel for six months.

Bob and I stared at each other dumfounded and then set to work to write a letter of thanks to the Chief of Police.

— Donald Poaps (Gr. VIII).

#### SONNET ON VARIOUS USES OF TIME

The Grecian laughed at Egypt's kings who lay  
 Embalmed in Pyramids that should defy  
 The hands of Death and Time, not seeing why  
 A king should wish to spend his time that way.  
 And when the Persian came with vast array  
 He found that Greeks would much prefer to die  
 Than live to sate their appetites and sigh  
 That man was but a jug of potter's clay.  
 Lithe swift and strong the Grecian hurled  
 His spear in sport, flashed past his rival in the race  
 Sang in the groves of eager happy youth,  
 Talked earnestly with sages of the world,  
 Carved marble memories of gods, taught grace  
 Of thought and deed and speech to man — and truth.

— D. J. F. Scott.

#### SANG FROID

All of our friends in the College know Edgar Hurn — but very few know him as I do. To me, he is a man careful in thinking, steady in actions and sure at all times.

Two years ago Johnnie Greer, who was then master of ceremonies

at the Hot-cha Cabaret, entertained Edgar and myself at his famous place of amusement. We enjoyed ourselves immensely and at about seven A. M. found ourselves standing at the bottom of Beaver Hall Hill — feeling rather tired and washed out. Of course Johnnie was as fresh as usual; with his white spats, white gloves, fresh carnation in his button hole and yellow malacca cane, he looked like a maiden's dream come true.

Up the hill marched the Salvation Army Band, forty strong, playing "Yes, we have no Bananas!" Suddenly John shouted, and following his gaze we saw a large garbage truck, out of control, tearing down the hill.

In an instant we all realized that the Salvation Army Band was in the path of the huge, lumbering truck, and saw that they would be killed if they did not move quickly out of its way. No, they still marched on, bravely and resolutely, determined to finish their theme song. The truck was nearing the first line, swerving and plunging; we shouted, but to no avail. All was up with the 13th division of the Salvation Army Band.

But no! Eddie Hurn, with cool deliberation, stepped into the United Cigar store behind us, bought a cigar and saved the band.

— Donald Ross (Gr. X).

## PARADISE REGAINED — No. 2

Hot tears rolled down Beelzebub's cheeks as he worked with his oyster fork, prodding those good mortals who had not the education or cunning to enter the pearly gates. "I am growing old." Beelzebub bewailed to himself, "I am tired of doing this work year after year, and it is getting more difficult every day, for these mortals come in greater numbers every day to obtain their eternal justice." Satan then fanned himself with his long tail, to keep the scorching sulphur from burning his beloved horns. He then plied his oyster fork, jostling the mortals and dripping, flaming, brimstone sticks. Old Nick then seated himself, to rest his weary old bones and reflect to himself how he might shirk his duty.

Brooding, meditating, penetrating into his thoughts, he sat by the yellow lake. He noticed a white mortal who lay smiling on a sulphur grille. Satan stared wistfully saying, "Why smilest thou sirrah?" "Why don't you have your horns cut, sir, for they impair your good looks a great deal when they are so old?" said the mortal who was an electrical engineer from Canada. The engineer then went on to describe how farmers in his native land dehorned cattle by using two-knife cutters that

are pressed together by mechanical leverage. Satan answered, "I could not have my horns cut for they have been my glory, my emblem and my soul from the dawn of the universe." Satan and this engineer then chatted together on the subject of work, and Beelzebub told of his old age coming on and how his oyster fork felt heavier as age grew on him. The engineer then bethought himself of a scheme to gain him eternal glory, and get him out of the sulphur, as he had perfected many such schemes in Canada. So he proposed this plan to Satan, "Why don't you put in automatic machinery and electricity to do your work without strain or weariness?" "O.K. Render me this service," said Satan, "and I will be eternally indebted to you". The engineer like a shrewd statesman who wishes to gain some advantage for his native land, proposed that the surplus power be sent to Canada to heat up those frigid zones so as to make winter summer. The engineer set to work, placing boilers over the smoldering sulphur heaps, and as he worked he sang *veni, vidi, vici*. A telephone was connected with heaven, and Satan seeing things going on by themselves telephoned to heaven, "I wish to resign my job to this engineer and join the cherubims." A few days later Satan landed at the pearly gates in his tri-motored Ford monoplane, and greeted his old cherub friends. The angels sparkled about him. He had his horns cut off by the Canadian method, and after this was done he said, "I guess I'll have a haircut and shave also."

The result of these great experiences was that Paradise was regained, hell became more efficient, and the souls of the shivering Canadians were warmed.

— Clark Lawton, Gr. XII.

## MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF STANSTEAD

When I got on the train in Montreal I was thoroughly disgusted. No one had spoken to me or even looked in my direction. Maybe I was conceited! I found out later that it seemed to be the rules that the Freshmen have a solitary trip.

At Newport we all piled into a bus and started for school. I was very much impressed by the beautiful scenery on all sides of me.

About this time the boys began to talk about the meals. I didn't quite know what to make of it because I wasn't sure whether they were only trying to "kid" the freshmen or whether they meant it. I hoped they were only fooling.

After a short ride we reached Derby Line from where I got my first glimpse of the College. I thought it looked very nice and I wondered why the boys didn't like coming back "to the old grind."

I was told to go upstairs and have my room given to me, and so I went upstairs with my club bag. Everything looked neat and there were curtains on all the windows and everything was all nicely finished. Although it looked kind of effeminate I thought I liked staying in these flats. I was looking around for the Dean when suddenly a lady came hurrying up to me and asked me what I wanted. I said that I was looking for my room. To my amazement she told me I was in the *Girls' Flats*. Then I learnt my first lesson, never must a boy go up into the *Girls' Flats*. I beat a hasty retreat and I wished I could meet the guy that told me to go upstairs. I was shown to the north stairs and went up two or three flights when I met the Dean. He gave me my room and I met my roommate.

Then we went down to Dinner. I'll never forget that meal. During the course of it a couple of the old students nicknamed me "Happy" because of my peculiar laugh. The name has stuck and I'm afraid the laugh has too, although I've tried to get rid of it.

After dinner we were supposed to assemble in Pierce Hall. When everyone was there we were spoken to by the different teachers. They told us what they expected of us. My what high ideals those teachers had!

Later a couple of the boys and myself wandered around until we found "The Ole Swimmin' Hole" where all the boys swim in the summer.

As soon as I saw the boys in swimming I was convinced that there *was* a depression, but since then I've found out that the Girls were never allowed to go near there.

By the time night came I was tired out, and after going down town for a few minutes I came back and tried to fix the room a little and then retired.

Before I fell asleep I decided that I liked Stanstead, only the bed *was* a little hard.

— "Happy" Austin (Gr. IX).

\* \* \*

*Mr. Hackett:* What is the value of the Suez Canal?

*d'Albenas:* The Suez Canal was dug to get ships in and out of the Red Sea without transportation.

### A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

One night in July I was going through the North Sea, which was as calm as a sheet of glass. I was on the foc'sle head at about midnight with the watch.

We could see the water breaking up against the side of the ship. As the water turned up it glowed with a most beautiful phosphorescent light. Usually as a ship plows through the water you can see a certain amount of this light but not very much.

The night was so dark and the sea so calm that it looked like an array of green sparkling lights in the darkness.

At times when you turned your head away from the light and looked into the darkness it fairly gave you the creeps to look back again at the green light. It so resembled a lot of dancing green ghosts.

To make this sight still more magnificent a school of dolphins passed in front of the ship and as they dove you could see a green sparkle. These lights seemed to surround the ship. I was spellbound for a moment. When I asked the seaman who was on watch if such sights were very common, he said that they were not but one could sometimes see them in the summer time if the sea was very calm and the night very dark.

— Gerald Whitehead (Gr. X).

### THE PHANTOM OF STANSTEAD COLLEGE

Ladies, and gentlemen, you are about to hear of the most blood-curdling, hair raising, but pathetic incident that ever happened at Stanstead College. Before proceeding, however, I would like to advise all men to have the smelling salts ready, and any women with weak hearts, to leave the room. Alas! My advise went unheeded, but I suppose I should have known that women aren't made with weak hearts in 1933.

It was a cold windy night in March, the sky was black and overcast with immense dark clouds. The wind howled through the barren branches, while lurking shadows darted hither and thither, on the wings of night. The college loomed up in the darkness, a cold, bleak, silent structure, and a prickly sensation crawled up my spine as I approached the entrance.

It was three o'clock in the morning, just the time for spirits, ghosts and what not to be rumaging around. I thought of those things as I stole silently up the hall, looking suspiciously right and left. Suddenly I heard a sound — a soft sob, which held a choking quality, and agony in its note. My knees knocked together like dry bones, then the wind shrieked furiously around corners, making branches brush against



the window panes, casting ghostly shadows upon the floor.

Something suspiciously like moisture gathered on my brow as I staggered forward, vainly trying to pierce the gloom with bulging eyes. Then I saw something white moving in the darkness ahead of me, emitting strange hollow sounds. Fear possessed me, and I was seized with a mad desire to run, and to work wonders with the most obvious parts of my body (mainly my feet). However, they must have gone to sleep, at least it was quite evident that they weren't ready to proceed just then. Again it started that weird, blood-curdling cry, slowly turning its head my way. Then I thought I would surely drop out of existence, my heart started running around my chest, and it made such a noise about it. What I saw was surely inhuman. A white face with deep sunken pits where the eyes should have been, but the most ghastly thing was, that its jaw was tied up in a white rag to keep it from dropping onto the floor.

Oh! I couldn't stand it any longer, I woke my feet with a start, asked the Almighty to lend courage to my heart, and swiftness to my ankles, then made for my room. All would have gone well, but as luck would have it, I tripped over a match stick in front of my door. I lay there petrified, I could hear something slithering towards me in the darkness. Beads of cold perspiration broke out on my forehead as I tried to move, but my muscles refused to work. It was coming closer now, I could hear it gasping for breath, and I thought I saw red specks leap from its eyesockets. Now it was upon me, I could feel its hot breath against my cheek, but this was the limit. I lashed out with the strength of despair in my arms, and caught it around the lower part of its white form. Down it went, crash! Bang!

Shucks! This was a funny ghost. They weren't supposed to go right through you. This ghost couldn't be a ghost after all; it was human. Collecting myself, I grabbed it by the legs and pulled it into my room then turned on the light. Then I got the shock of my life — I thought I'd die; there was Johnny Greer, standing a little abashed indeed, for I had caught him unawares in his night gown, and grandmother's cap. He had his big horned rimmed spectacles on, and a big towel tied over his head and under his jaw. I said "Well, Johnny Greer, what on earth are you promenading in the halls for, at this hour?" and he said—well, I won't tell you exactly what he said, for it wouldn't look good on a printed page. But it seems that he had a terrific toothache, and thought that by taking a walk, he might ease the situation a little. By the look on Johnnie's face I judged that he was enduring the most exquisite agony, and that walking under such conditions entirely disagreed with him.

— Thomas Johnson, Gr. X.

## SONNET ON THOUGHT

What Joy! In fragrant loveliness it grows.  
On slender stalk midst dusky leaves it sways  
In lonely evening wind. At dawn pure rays  
From sparkling dew give back the sun but close  
Its warmth and color deep within. Who knows  
The mystery of how the soaring lays  
Of larks lend grace, of how through summer days  
The Earth and Air and Sky bring forth a Rose?  
Deep Joy! In purity of truth 'tis formed.  
It shines in night dark depths of solitude  
And bravely still at noon. How was it wrought?  
What word gave life, what careful beauty warned  
And fed the seed that now in certitude  
It fills my soul, vast mystery, a Thought.

— D. J. F. Scott.

## THE HONEY BEE

Honey-bees, ants, bumble-bees and social wasps are known as social insects because they live in well ordered colonies. In the honey bee colony there are three kinds of bees, the male bees or drones, the workers, and the queen or female bee.

The workers do all the work of the hive, they gather nectar from the bases of flowers and carry it home in a sac that corresponds somewhat to the crop of a chicken. While in this sac, the nectar undergoes changes we do not understand; for when it is deposited in the comb, it is no longer flower nectar — it is honey.

It is in seeking for nectar that the bee visits so many flowers and scrapes the pollen on to the different parts of its body to be borne away to fertilize other flowers which it enters. Pollen is also used by the bee as food for its young. The hind legs of each working bee are so shaped and fringed with hairs as to enable the bee to carry loads of pollen back to the hive.

The most astonishing thing about a beehive is the division of labour among the workers, and the faithful, orderly performance of duties. Certain workers are stationed at the entrance to ventilate the hive by the fanning of their wings. Others are entrusted with the duties of hive cleaning, for bees are scrupulously clean. Still others manufacture the wax and build the comb.

The wax is secreted from glands in the abdomens of the workers

and with this the bees build the comb. Each sell is hexagonal in cross section and the comb is so constructed that the least possible amount of wax will inclose the greatest possible amount of honey.

It is the duty of certain workers to act as nurses for the helpless grubs. They feed the grubs on rich food formed in their own stomachs as well as on pollen mixed with honey. The grubs are the first stage in the development of the bee from the egg. The queen lays all the eggs, sometimes as many as a million. There is but one queen in each swarm. Whenever another queen is ready to be hatched, the old queen takes about half the colony and goes off to form another swarm.

— Eddie Hurn (Gr. IX).

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A NON RESIDENT STUDENT

We lead a very different life from that of our friends the resident students. Let us take one day to illustrate, say Thursday.

At 7:30 the fond parent calls from the lower regions that it is time to get up, but the student slumbers on. At 7:45 another call; "Do you want an egg for breakfast?" No answer, the call is repeated and by this time the poor victim has wakened and is rubbing his eyes. He looks at his watch — ten minutes of eight!! What a rush!— At ten minutes after eight he appears in the dining room and sits down to his breakfast. It is a rather hurried breakfast for there is no time to waste. He gets up from the table only to realize that he has left his glasses up stairs and he rushes up to get them.

Finally he is off but there is more ahead — "The Plain Hill." The thought of it on a slippery morning .....!!!

The poor student just about arrives on the campus only to hear the first bell go. Three minutes left. He dashes across the campus just missing the barbed wire fence (put up to stop just what he is doing) and arrives in the hall ready to drop. Never-the-less he gets into assembly just as the doors close.

Things are quite tranquil until noon. The minute the bell rings he dashes to get his coat and go to dinner (and what an appetite). During his dinner he suddenly realizes that he has to play in a recital after supper. His whole meal is spoiled.

There is no more rush until supper-time. With supper at a quarter of six, "dad" is obliged to take the "promising musician" to the recital and there remain until it is over.

The piece goes very well in fact much better than it is expected to and the pupil arrives home just in time to hear Lowell Thomas before

he starts studying for a few hours.

The day is usually wound up by a raid on the ice box which results in cheese and crackers and pleasant dreams.

— Annie Pike (Gr. VIII).

### SIR JAMES WILLIAMS

Jim lived with his father near the edge of a wood. When his mother died, his father and he had been forced to leave the town where they had lived, and work as wood-cutters.

Jim had been very happy before he had left the town, but now he was so lonesome that his father took him one day out into the woods.

While his father was cutting a tree Jim began to look around and to admire the different kinds of plants which were new to him. Just then the tree began to fall, his father called and shouted, but in vain. So he made a rush as fast as he could, and just fell on top of him when the tree fell. They were both knocked senseless on the ground; the blow had been hard, and sad to say, Mr. Williams never recovered and after a few hours he died.

Meanwhile Jim was still unconscious having received but a very slight injury on his head and a few bruises here and there. When he recovered he began to cry to his father, but his father did not move. He was asleep forever.

A rich man who happened at this time to be out hunting, heard him calling, and came to see what was the matter. After taking Jim home to the little cottage, the rich man left one of his servants to take care of him until he had recovered.

After about a week or more the lad recovered, and thanking the servant asked her where his father was, and when he would be back, for when he had been sick the rich man had told him that his father had gone away on a short trip, and would be back soon.

"I am sorry my boy," said the servant, "but I regret to tell you when you were sick that your father was dead. He was killed by the tree that would have killed you if he had not lain across you to prevent you from being hurt."

For many years after, the boy went to live with the rich man and the servant looked after him. Jim was a quiet and studious boy. His father had been the same but he had not had the chance that Jim was now getting. With all the money he earned, or was given as school prizes, he bought books that were worth reading. When he visited the city he did not waste his time or spend his money on all kinds of trash,

but he went to the most interesting and modern buildings of art, and saw many places of fine architecture.

The boy grew up to be known in later years as Sir James Williams; he had been knighted for the many things he had done. He was one of the greatest and most honored men of the time. He spent money to help the poor; he also gave money to the Red Cross Hospitals, and later wrote some fine poetry about the life of a wood-cutter. Not only was he a poet, but also a famous sculptor.

In the town where he was born and brought up, there is a very fine monument in honour of this brave and kind man, who gave most of the latter part of his life to his fellow country-men. On this wonderful monument there is a short verse which runs:

His heart was pure  
Like the heart of the poor;  
His life was rude  
But it turned out good.

— Tom Paterson, Gr. 7.

\* \* \*

*Translation From The Aeneid, Book Two, Lines 360-369*

Oh Night so dark, encircling in Thy shade  
Both friend and foe, who is there lives  
Can cite the crimes Thou dost conceal?  
Who, with a tongue can tell the deaths,  
Or who can equal labors, e'en with tears?  
An ancient city fell, whose mighty form  
Held sway through countless reigns.  
And now, still bodies, emblems of her power,  
Lie cold, along her ancient ways;  
In homes, abodes of her majestic race;  
In temples, shrines, revered for gods within.  
Not Troy alone, her life blood dares to spill,  
For valor fills the hearts of e'en the lost,  
And conquering Greek falls down with conquered foe.  
Night brings no rest, for everywhere is grief  
And lamentation; fear fills the minds of all,  
And on night's shade death rides in many a form.

— Douglas Amaron (Gr. 12)



## BROOK TROUT FISHING

What sport is more pleasing, interesting, or more zestful than fishing? It enables you to get out in the woods and breath good fresh air which is not poluted by the different odors of the city.

What branch of fishing is more enjoyable than brook trout fishing? It is not the simple, easy job of sitting in a boat and waiting for a nibble. Oh no! You've got to go and find the trout. That is one reason why brook trout fishing is so enticing.

I can remember a brook where my Dad and I used to go at least once every summer, it's the much sought after "Fisherman's Paradise." But as every fish you catch is well earned it gives you a special thrill.

It is a small brook perhaps four feet across, and for about one hundred feet on each side of it, grow Alders, which are very thick, especially near the water.

Dad and I went there in the car, and having assembled our poles, we would start down the creek, I going ahead to enable me to have the first try at the different pools. (The strange part is although my dad follows me, he always manages by superior angling and more patience to get more trout than I do.)

When approaching the brook one needs to be very careful of one's line because of the heavy undergrowth. Finally however, the bait touches the water and amidst a swirl a fine trout strikes. Then try and land him without getting mixed up in the twigs. This is where the real sport comes in. Trying to pull a wiggling trout through a small opening ten or twelve inches in diameter without getting tangled in the branches is no mean job, and it's with very evident satisfaction that you place the trout in your basket. After about thirty seconds without a strike in one pool, either the trout won't bite, or there aren't any there and in either case you might as well move on.

Then what a satisfaction there is in going home and showing the catch to the boys and telling them how the biggest one of the day, got caught on a twig and fell back into the water. Isn't it strange how the large ones always get away?

"Happy" Austin (Gr. IX).

## OUR HERO

John Erasmus Alder Smith was the name under which he introduced himself when he first came to our town. If you were interested he might explain in his rambling manner that he was named after John, The Baptist, that Alder was his great grandmother's surname on his father's

side, and that she had never been seen again from the time she absconded with her husband's hop money.

Smith was a strange character. He had roamed over the world quite a bit in his aimless way, and, according to his telling, had married a South Sea Islander, who had died later of the cholera. He would get drunk occasionally, had been in jail a number of times, and kicked the parson over his garden fence, when that worthy gentleman had come, seeking to lead him back into the fold.

When he first arrived in the village several old maids and a few widows began to take a deep interest in "Dear Mr. Smith's" spiritual welfare, for as you know "angels rejoice everytime a soul is reclaimed." They even sent him cookies and other edibles, which he accepted very thankfully, and books on missionary work among the heathen, which he did not receive nearly so readily. However when he climbed a crab-apple tree, dressed only in striped pajamas, and blew kisses towards a horrified old maid in the opposite lot, he became a social outcast. Of course he was drunk, but as Miss Holden, the president of The Ladies' Temperance Union, said at the time, "good people don't drink." Henceforth the more pious labelled him with whispered names that aren't usually shouted about in polite society, but Smith was the last fellow on earth to take this to heart. He lived his own leisurely, unworried life, read books in his stocking-feet on the front lawn, fed every beggar that went by, and told the village children gripping adventure stories, until their parents forbade them to speak to that "fellow."

Matters went on in this way for several years until at last one night the village hotel caught fire. It was not like those fires you read of in stories; not grand and stupendous, but small and ridiculous. As is usual in such cases the fire engine was stalled before it was anywhere near the place. The amateur firemen fell over each other and shouted themselves hoarse, and swore at the fire-fighters, and made a general nuisance of themselves, while women fainted and went into hysterics and dogs barked in the neighbouring yards. But when the interior of the building was well ablaze we heard some poor devil shouting and pounding on a door in one of the attic bed-rooms. The enthusiasm of the firemen suddenly evaporated. Surely it was better that only one should die, than that two or three more should perish in trying to save him. That is logic.

Suddenly the crowd became tense, for a game was being played before their eyes, and a life was at stake. Someone was crawling along the roof towards the dormer window of the bedroom. Meanwhile a few of us seized a ladder and, in spite of the terrific heat, placed it against

the wall, but still it was several feet short of the roof. Smith, for it was he who had made the bid for the man's life, entered while we were climbing the ladder and drew the fellow out, who was unconscious by this time. Then winding one arm around the water-pipe and swinging in the air, he handed the man to us. It was clear that Smith himself was almost exhausted and his arm was caught between the pipe and the building. It was not a pleasant sight, that face of his, hanging over us all swollen and raw from the heat and exertion, like a big red moon, with the blood dripping from his nose. "Damn it!" he muttered, groaning aloud, "I've lost. I'll never make it!" and he never did.

A few days later there was a grand funeral, and such eulogies were poured forth that we all wept for that virtuous Smith that had never lived. Among others "The Ladies' Temperance Union" laid a wreath on his grave, and now he is our hero.

— Lee Heath (Gr. XII).

\* \* \*

### THE HORRORS OF WAR

Probably no generation has been so completely educated in the horrors of war as the present one, and perhaps none have needed it more. The vivid description given to Parliament at Ottawa recently, by General A. E. Ross, of the death and destruction which future wars might wreak is terrible, and if anything, underdrawn. Giant planes laden with bombs containing deadly gases are no mere fictions of the imagination. Today they are real. The word-picture painted by General Ross is pale compared with that recently given to the British Parliament by the quiet, conservative-spoken Stanley Baldwin.

As General Ross states it is necessary to tell the truth about the horrors which lie in waiting for humanity in future wars in order to set their hearts decidedly against warfare.

The time to stop war is before it begins.

Today's students are tomorrow's soldiers when once a country gets into war.

— Alex Gilbert (B.B.C.).

\* \* \*

*Frieda*: Hugh, this chicken soup is full of gravel.

*Tommy*: It was made from Plymouth Rocks.



*Consultation*

Et qu'est-ce qu'il a mangé pour être si malade?  
Du lapin.  
Alors je vois ce que c'est: il a l'appendicite!

Béatrice, tu sais quel est le coquillage le moins lourd?  
Non Freida.  
Eh bien! c'est la palourde.

*Logogriphe*

Mon premier a des plumes,  
Mon second a du poil,  
Mon troisième a du duvet  
Mon quatrième a de la barbe,  
Mon tout est une plante d'ornement.

(réponse à la fin de la section française).

*Un Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*

Une arpès-midi qu'il pleuvait et que je n'avais rien à faire, je me suis prise à roder autour de ma chambre car j'ai une grande chambre à moi toute seule.

Les deux fenêtres donnent sur le jardin et il n'y a rien que j'aime tant que de m'asseoir sur le rebord pour rêver un peu. C'est ce que j'ai fait ce jour-là. Les oiseaux remplissaient le jardin de leurs gazouillis. De temps en temps ils s'arrêtaient pour venir boire dans une flaque d'eau. Les gros nuages sombres, le bruit de la pluie, tout me rendait mélancolique. Pour m'arracher à cette rêverie voilà que je m'achemine vers ma bibliothèque. Tous les livres qu'elle contient me rappellent un incident quelconque de ma vie. Il y a les contes de fées que ma mère me lisait pour m'endormir. Il y a ceux que j'ai achetés avec mes premières épargnes et ceux

encore qui me font presque envier les Noël's d'autrefois. Inutile d'ajouter que j'y tiens à ces livres.

De là, je suis allée à mon bureau. Tout en fouillant, j'ai trouvé quelques vieilles lettres que j'ai relues avec joie. Mais ce qui m'a fait rire, c'est un instantané de mes amis que nous avons pris lors d'un voyage au lac 'Placid'. Cela m'a rappelé des moments agréables passés là ensemble et c'est à regret que j'ai quitté mon pupitre. Alors mes yeux se sont arrêtés sur une rangée de cadres suspendus autour de ma chambre. Le plus beau est l'oeuvre d'un fameux artiste que ma mère a rencontré dans un voyage en Russie. Jusqu'alors je n'avais pas porté attention à ce tableau mais ce jour-là j'ai pu l'apprécier à sa juste valeur.

Comme j'étais assise, toute rêveuse et bercée par la mélancolie du passé, une voix m'a fait tressaillir. C'était mon petit frère qui me disait :

"Viens vite si tu veux voir le joli arc-en-ciel." En effet, la pluie avait cessé. Tous les arbustes du jardin laissaient tomber des gouttes d'eau qu'on aurait prises pour des perles sous les derniers reflets du soleil couchant.

Frieda Bindman, 10<sup>e</sup> Classe.

---

### *Métagramme*

C'est un être, une personne  
 Qui travaille et qui raisonne.  
 De France un département  
 Que vous connaissez vraiment.  
 Une sorte de résine  
 Que vous aimez j'imagine.  
 Paisible conjonction  
 Marquant la comparaison.  
 Un excellent fruit d'automne  
 A la chair toujours bonne.  
 Enfin, c'est un doux sommeil  
 Suivi d'un exquis réveil.

(réponse à la fin de la section française).

---



*La radio ne peut-elle pas m'aider à apprendre le français?*

Mais si, la radio peut m'aider à apprendre le français. Qui veut la fin prend les moyens n'est-ce pas? Il est certain que si je m'intéresse aux émissions françaises je pourrai apprendre beaucoup de mots.

Souvent aussi les annonceurs traduisent leurs annonces. C'est ainsi que je peux enrichir mon vocabulaire d'expressions nouvelles qui me permettront de m'exprimer avec plus de facilité.

Il y a toutes sortes de programmes à la radio. On peut y entendre des causeries de la musique, des pièces de théâtre, etc. Ce que j'aime d'avantage ce sont les programmes qui émettent les résultats des parties de balle ou de gouret professionnel. J'ai déjà appris un grand nombre d'expressions qui s'y rapportent. J'ai donc raison de dire que la radio est une grande aide pour moi et pour tous ceux qui veulent apprendre le français.

John Tilton, 9e Classe.

---

*Cuisine Amusante*

En combinant une tête de mouche, un cœur de rat, une patte de souris, une tête de mouton, une queue de taupe, une aile de roitelet (wren), une tête d'ânon, celle d'un daim (deer) et un peu de sel vous obtenez un excellent dessert. Quel est-il? (Veuillez chercher la réponse à la fin de la section.)

---

*L'Industrie du Sucre d'Erable*

Dans les derniers jours du mois de mars le temps se réchauffe un peu et c'est avec joie que le cultivateur voit venir cette saison bien qu'il en connaisse les fatigues.

Un beau matin il se lève, regarde par la fenêtre et dit: 'J'suis sûr que ça va couler aujourd'hui.' Il n'est pas lent à partir pour le bois. Pour s'assurer qu'il ne s'est pas trompé, il fait une entaille dans le tronc du premier érable qu'il voit et constate en effet qu'il est temps de se mettre à la besogne. Faire du bon sucre n'est pas aussi facile qu'on pourrait le croire. Cela vous intéressera peut-être de savoir comment on s'y prend.

D'abord le fermier, muni d'un vilebrequin et d'une mèche, perce un trou dans le tronc de l'arbre. Cette opération s'appelle inciser (entailler). Pour faciliter l'écoulement de la sève, il introduit un chalumeau dans chacun de ces trous. Sur le chalumeau il y a généralement un crochet qui permet d'y suspendre un baquet.

Vient ensuite le ramassage. Dans les grands bois on trace des chemins assez larges pour que deux chevaux puissent aller de front. Ceci permet de ramasser la sève (eau d'érable) plus rapidement car on se sert de trâineaux sur lesquels on peut mettre deux ou trois grosses cuves.

Enfin derrière chaque cabane il y a un réservoir qui sert à loger le trop-plein de l'évaporateur. 'L'eau d'érable' laisse le réservoir pour venir tomber dans l'appareil évaporatoire qui est divisé en trois compartiments prêts à recevoir l'un après l'autre cette sève devenue de plus en plus concentrée. Alors on la met sur un poêle à part pour la faire bouillir très fort. C'est cette dernière opération qui la réduit en sirop épais ou en sucre selon la durée de l'ébullition.

N'esct-ce pas que cette industrie vaut bien la peine qu'on s'y intéresse?

E. Middleton, 10e Classe.

### Réponses

*Cuisine amusante:* marmelade.

*Métagramme:* homme, la Somme. la gomme, comme, la  
pomme, le somme.

*Logogriphe:* Geai-rat-nid-homme. Le géranium.

# SPORT



## ATHLETICS

*John W. Witzel, B.A.*

It is not necessary to remark that athletics occupy a large part of our life today. In no age, except that of the Greeks perhaps, has sport been considered so important an element in the education of youth as at the present time.

We might trace the development of this movement towards increase of Athletics in modern life, recognizing that, while it has its basis deep in the roots of human nature, its stress is the cumulative result of changes in conditions of society and outlook.

Modern psychology has given us much valuable information about the instincts of man. One of the most powerful of these with which we have to reckon is that of the fighting, pugnacious or competitive. This is the great force behind war. While war maintained its position in the realm of glorified occupations and in that of the greatest of outdoor sports, this instinct found its expression in that form of activity. Thus in the Middle Ages, the era of knight-errantry, we find no organized sport as we know it.

Mars, the god of War, has today lost much of the halo that used to hover about his head. He is less humane than formerly. We

have lost faith in him after recognizing its inconsistency with our higher ideals. Meanwhile we are faced with the competitive instinct of youth which must find an outlet.

I believe our educators have shown their ingenuity, not only in diverting this surplus energy into a harmless channel, but also in bending it to their purpose in moulding intellectual and moral character.

The Ancients had an ideal "a healthy soul in a healthy body." Athletics are not an end in themselves. They are useful only as they subserve the interests of the spiritual life. The physical is important only as it conduces to the well-being of the intellectual and moral. A certain amount of athletics in youth develops the body, induces good health, thus making a proper dwelling house for the soul, in which it can function at its best. But there is a limit to the amount necessary to produce this happy condition. Over this necessary requirement all Athletics are superfluous, no longer serving any great purpose, and conducing to harm in the individual.

If this were clearly understood much of the evil, due to excess in this activity, that we see around us today would be eliminated. An incident is told of a youth who was complaining to a man of discernment, that it took all his time to keep "fit". The discerning individual asked "fit for what?" To be of any value sport must make us fit for something more than increased excellence of the same sort.

In addition to controlling and directing this fundamental instinct into safe channels, Athletics have many lessons to teach the youth which will be invaluable to him in later life. The first of these is good sportsmanship. If, as is sometimes maintained, this good sportsmanship is lacking or fast disappearing from our athletic life today, the reason for this is to be sought, I believe in professionalism. Professional sport is a perversion, although not a deadly one of the competitive spirit. It is the exploitation of this spirit for gain.

Two experiences which every individual must learn in life is that of victory and defeat. Either of these in their reactions upon men may have demoralizing effects. Athletic competition provides the way in which the sweets of victory and bitters of defeat may be experienced and their lessons learned. We learn to take victory with joy, yet not glorying in the fall of our opponents, and to accept defeat without anger, recognizing the superiority of the victors. And although defeated at the time, if taken in the right spirit, it will conduce to our ultimate victory.

Athletics have many other secondary benefits to bestow upon youth such as coordination of eye and muscle; development of discrimination and judgment; a harmless outlet for the animal spirits and con-





TRACK TEAM



Sr. HOCKEY TEAM







"Girls' Sr. Basket Ball"



"Boys' Sr Basket Ball"



duciveness to general health of individuals and society as a whole.

Having considered the benefits of Athletics we might turn our attention to some of its evils which are the result of its excess — regarding it as an end in itself and not a means to something greater, the well-being of the spirit. Plato in Greek times realized fully the effect of excess in this activity. In his educational system the course of study is to consist in gymnastic and music, music then connoting the fine arts. He says music alone makes a youth effeminate, gymnastic in itself develops the brutal qualities in men. Over training in Athletics and a disregard for the more spiritual things in life produce the same brutalizing result today in individuals. We can readily see the seriousness of too much athletics when our whole educational, moral and religious life is bent upon eliminating the brute in man.

Since the spirit of the age is cooperation, competition in athletics is frowned upon by many. Competition here, however can be toned down by introducing more team games thus emphasizing cooperation. In individual competition the aim should be to beat ones own record.

## FOOTBALL

With the opening of the College this fall and the return to another season of football, the prospects for a strong team were not encouraging. Scarcely half a dozen of the members of last year's senior team appeared at the first turn-out, and it was difficult to judge what promise the remainder of the squad held for good football material. A great deal of credit is therefore due to the coach and manager of the team, Mr. Witzel, who faced in September with this rather dubious looking throng of aspirants to gridiron fame, rolled up his sleeves and pounded (literally) this throng into a very creditable combination of football players. Judging from the scores of the various games, it would appear that Mr. Witzel was not as successful as he might have been. The scores however give an entirely erroneous impression. The chief, and under the circumstances, practically unsurmountable difficulty which the college team had to face was lack of experience. On more than one occasion when victory was within their grasp, lack of experience weakened their tactics to such an extent that the odds proved too great against them. No amount of training and instruction could have strengthened this weakness. Experience alone is responsible for the skilful handling of a critical and unforeseen situation arising in a game of football. Nevertheless the determination and enthusiasm of the boys was remarkable, and built up an energetic, hard-fighting unit that gave a praiseworthy account of itself in every match. Under the circumstances therefore it may be seen that really

fine results were achieved, both as regards the making of a team and the development of successful tactics, and in the interest aroused in a considerable number of boys who had previously been only vaguely aware of the shape of a football.

The season opened with a visit from Montreal High, who took advantage of the fact that we had not yet found, so to speak, our sea legs, and scored a victory. The task of dealing adequately with Sherbrooke's forward pass tactics proved too difficult for Stanstead defence, and both season's games went to the Sherbrooke High team. With Lennoxville we were more fortunate, and the score of this game left no doubt as to which was the stronger team. An improvement in forward passing was marked by the completion of nine out of thirteen passes in the St. Pat's match; no mean accomplishment. Stanstead's encounter with Bishop's at Lennoxville was the outstanding game of the season. Facing a team superior in experience, we came within a very little of winning the game. This lack of experience however told heavily, and was responsible for a crumbling defence in the closing minutes of the match.

Consistently outstanding players include Mowle, the captain of the team, whose splendid playing contributed largely to the success of the season; Farley, who never failed to turn in a fine performance; Bready, who threw the passes as well as making an excellent quarterback; Johnson who showed marked ability in receiving Bready's passes, and Gordon and Belyea who could be relied upon to play a high grade of football in every game.

Taking into consideration the disadvantages with which the team was faced, and the absence of experienced players, it is safe to say that the season was an unusually successful one.

### HOCKEY SEASON — 1932-33.

There is no sport that creates keener interest or greater enthusiasm for the young and old, than hockey, Canada's national game. When a hundred or more young people from a college the size of Stanstead turn out for practice they must surely enjoy the game. This is one sport where it is not necessary to coax or drag players out so as to have enough for practice. There are always more out than are needed. This past season has taught us that more accommodation is necessary to give each and everyone a fair chance for practice.

It was quite clearly seen as the season opened, that the material would not be up to the standard of the past three or four years. It was therefore decided that we could not very well enter the Border Hockey League. This action disappointed many of our supporters outside the



College. Some of our last year's stars were a little worried at first, but this situation was soon relieved by the players being given permission to play on any League team they wished. Farley, Bissonnett, and Philips went to the Rock Island Tigers. Mowle, de Gruchy, Langevin, and Winters played for the Stanstead Black Hawks.

Mac Mowle was given charge of College hockey for the winter. A house-league was organized and fifty players were chosen. These players were divided among four teams and a single schedule of twelve games was arranged. There were three days in each week on which these games were played — Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday morning. Each team, outside the goaler, was composed of five regulars and five substitutes. The regulars of each team would oppose each other for a little over half the period, then the substitutes would carry on the battle for the rest of the period. This plan worked very well as everyone was able to get into the game and all were satisfied.

The House-League proved a success right from the first. The boys went into it with plenty of spirit and the interest was keen throughout, from the Model School to the Staff. The season was just well under way when a large, beautiful Cup arrived at the College. This cup was donated for inter-class or house-league hockey. The donors were none other than the reputed Frank and Lester Patrick who at one time were students at S.W.C. If the enthusiasm was keen before this cup arrived, then it certainly became acute afterwards. A team which was captained by Earle Farley became the first proud possessors of the Patrick Trophy, by defeating a team captained by Ted Bissonnett, in the play-off.

After the House-League was completed a Senior and a Junior team were picked. Both the Senior and Junior teams participated in four or five games each. The Senior team played three friendly games with the Derby Line All-Stars. The teams were evenly matched and the games were very cleanly played. The College succeeded in winning the odd game out of three. The only hockey trip of the season was to Quebec City. Commissioners High School were the opponents and a very close game resulted in a three to two victory of Quebec. This game was played under professional rules and although somewhat new to us were thoroughly enjoyed. Just before the close of the season we challenged the champion Black Hawks of Stanstead Plain, but they proved too fast and too experienced for our players and we were forced to take it on the chin. The Junior team played games against Stanstead and Derby Line Jrs. and were successful in nearly half of them. Besides our House-League, Senior and Junior teams, we had teams composed of Juveniles, Midgets, and Bantams. Boys as young as seven years took

just as much interest in the game as the boys of sixteen to twenty, yes, and even men of thirty and forty. These younger chaps were coached on Saturday mornings from nine forty-five to eleven-thirty.

A great deal of credit is due to Mr. Amaron for his efforts in making the day-students, especially the younger boys, feel that they are a part of the College. With such an increasing number of boys playing hockey there should never be a shortage of hockey players at Stanstead for a number of years to come.

— M. W. Mowle.

### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball enjoyed a very successful season at the college this year. During the first term a House League consisting of four teams was organized. Practically every boy in residence, many town boys, and nearly all masters participated in the league. Bill Amaron, Tom Bready and Earle Farley captained three teams while the fourth, made up of masters, for the most part, was captained by Mr. Amaron. Every team played six games and at the end of the season the staff team was on top with 10 points for five victories.

As soon as this league was over a basketball squad of 12 was picked and regular practices were held three times a week throughout the winter. Nine games were played, all but two being at home. Derby Academy was played twice resulting in a win for Stanstead and a tie. Newport High games resulted in a win and a loss. Three games were dropped to Newport Independents. These were the most interesting games of the season because of the superior playing of these senior players. The team visited Sherbrooke and was defeated by the runners-up in the provincial championships. A very interesting and pleasant trip was made to Quebec when Stanstead defeated the Commissioner's High School before a capacity crowd in the Y.M.C.A.

The Second team played games with Rock Island and Derby Academy Seconds and was victorious on both occasions.

Several inter-class and inter-department and inter-vacationalist games were played which added to the pleasure of the season.

Over thirty boys secured points toward their college 'Letter'.

The following were the regulars on the senior team:- Bill Amaron, Captain; Tom Johnson; Tom Bready; Earle Farley; George Belyea; Eddie Hurn; Jerry Whitehead. The following were substitutes:- Bob Kneeland, Bernard Besner, Fred Tredinnick and Don Ross.

Mr. Amaron was in charge of Basketball and was assisted by Mr. Witzel.

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball this year has been the outstanding girls' sport, and much interest and hard work was shown by the girls. More games were played this year than in former years, which heightened the enthusiasm of all concerned.

The first game of the season was played against the Derby Academy team, and resulted in a victory for the College, with the score 44 - 20. Shortly after this two more games were played against Derby in which Stanstead again succeeded in gaining the laurels.

In February the team met the Y.W.C.A. players in the Sherbrooke Y. After the first effects of stage fright had been conquered they put up a gallant resistance but the more experienced team proved the stronger, and the game ended with the score 51 - 23 in favor of the Y girls.

The next game was played in the Montreal High Gym against the Junior McGill team. The Stanstead girls were unsuccessful but the trip proved a benefit as well as a pleasure, for they saw the finest and fastest of basketball played under girls' rules, in the Woman's Inter-collegiate Basketball Tournament.

Following this, three games were played against Newport Independents. Although the College was defeated in each of the games, a marked improvement was shown as is seen from the scores; 31 - 12; 30 - 21; 24 - 22.

The final game of the season was played here on April 29th against the Sherbrooke Y team. Again the visitors proved stronger, and although the home team played well, the score ended 26 - 17 in favor of Sherbrooke.

Although not very successful from the point of view of games won and lost, the showing of the girls this year was a creditable one, and much credit is due Mrs. Amaron for the team which she developed. Through the medium of House League games, everyone was enabled to play basketball, and in the lower grades much promising material was uncovered in the course of the season, that promises well for the success of Girls' Basketball in the future.

— Edith Belyea.

## TENNIS AND TRACK

Unfortunately the Magazine goes to press too early to enable complete track or tennis reports to be made, and consequently only some

of the events of these two sports can be outlined.

Tennis and Track take in a larger number of students than any other sport. Without exception every resident student in the school has this year participated, either in the tennis tournament or in the track events. The draw for the tennis tournament contains a larger percentage of students than in any other year, and in track there has been equal interest shown. It is encouraging to note how many students from the town are taking part in these activities, especially among the girls.

As far as the actual sports themselves are concerned little can as yet be said except in track, for in tennis the tournament is the main feature, and it is still in its early stages. Ted Bissonnet is the only defending champion, and there is much opposition in his path to a second victory in the men's singles.

In track one cup has already been added to the many others in the College parlors. This cup accompanied the victory the College set up in the Stanstead County Fall Track Meet, at Ayer's Cliff. At this meet quality and quantity proved the essential factors in the rather easy victory which the College gained. The annual inter-class track meet this year was probably the most closely contested in the history of the school. The grades were combined, as no one class, except the Model School had enough men for competition. Grades 10 and 11 won the Percy Caven cup with 68 points, while the Model School, Grade 12 and Bugbee, and Grades 8 and 9 followed with 59, 58 and 27 respectively. In spite of rather inclement weather conditions and the fact that last year twelve records were established, another assault on times, heights, and distances was made and eleven new records came tumbling down. An important factor in the success of the meet was the splendid showing of the Model School, which in previous years has been practically an outsider.

The Eastern Townships Meet, which is the highlight of the track season, is unfortunately too late in the year for a report, but though woefully lacking in man power, the College hopes for another victory this year. The result will be known long before this report appears so for the present we can only hope for the best, and wish the boys good luck.





### THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

The Reunion which marked the celebration of sixty years of continuous service since the charter was granted to Stanstead College, lasted for three days.

*The outstanding events were:*

- Concert, Friday night, Sept. 30.
- Educational Conference, Saturday A.M.
- Dedication of Flag Pole, Saturday Afternoon.
- Banquet, Saturday evening.
- Service, Sunday A.M., Rev. T. W. Jones, preacher.
- Vesper Service, Dan Munn, speaker.

### CONCERT PROGRAMME

1. Chorus — College Songs:
  - a. McGill — Hail Alma Mater.
  - b. Toronto — The Blue and White.
  - c. Stanstead — Alma Mater.Director — A. C. Cowles.
2. Piano Solo: Sonata in C Sharp Minor, op. 27 - Beethoven  
Mrs. J. G. Fuller (Alice Nunns)
3. Vocal Solo:



- a. "Tiranni mici pensieri" from "Tolomeo" (1728) *Handel*  
 b. Sweet Nymph, Come to thy Lover (1593) *Morley*  
 c. A Wanderer's Song - - - - - *Kell*  
     Findlay Campbell
4. Reading: a. Li'l' Ole Brown Cabin - - - - - *Cox*  
               b. So Was I - - - - - *Smiley*  
               Mrs. F. S. Kenerson (Ethel Montle)
5. Vocal Solo: a. Baci Amorosi e Cari - - - - - *Mozart*  
                   b. Chanson Triste - - - - - *Duparc*  
                   c. Ah! Love but a Day - - - - - *Gilberte*  
                   Louise Masten.
6. Violin Solo: a. Slavonic Dance in E Minor *Dvorak-Kreisler*  
                   b. From the Canebrake - - - - - *Gardner*  
                   Muriel Heath.
7. Vocal Solo: a. I Shall Awake - - - - - *Kramer*  
                   b. Sorrows of Werther - - - - - *Walther*  
                   c. The Windmill - - - - - *Nelson*  
                   Findlay Campbell.
8. Piano Solo: a. Liebestraume - - - - - *Liszt*  
                   b. Melodie in E Major - - - - - *Rachmaninoff*  
                   c. Hark, Hark the Lark - - - - - *Schubert-Liszt*  
                   William Ross
9. Chorus: The Elfhorns - - - - - *Bullard*  
               *Accompanist: Mrs. H. M. Lamb (Ruth Stevens)*

Each number of the above programme was excellent. After the concert Mr. and Mrs. Amaron received at a charming reception in the College Parlors.

#### *Educational Conference:*

Mr. D. J. F. Scott, Headmaster of the Academy Department presided. Prof. F. Clark, head of the Department of Education, McGill University and Dr. W. P. Percival, Director of Protestant Education in the Province of Quebec, gave interesting and helpful addresses.

The Banquet was held in the College dining room which looked most festive, decorated with quantities of red and white flowers. One hundred and seventy-five old students and friends enjoyed a delicious turkey dinner. The President, Raymond Wood of Sherbrooke was toast-master. The toast to "Old Stanstead" was proposed by A. H. Martin to which Campbell Amaron replied. Findlay Campbell's songs added much to the pleasure of the evening. "Protestant Education in Quebec" was proposed by Principal E. C. Amaron. The reply was given by Dr.

W. P. Percival. The Secretary, Miss Mary Flint, read letters of regret at not being present, from Sir Arthur Currie, Principal of McGill University and many old students. C. B. Howard, M.P., of Sherbrooke proposed the toast to "Our Alma Mater" to which Dr. P. S. Dobson, Principal of Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario, replied with an unusually good speech in his usual pleasing manner. As our guest speaker we were proud that he belonged to us both as an old student and teacher here. The only person present who had attended the college the year it opened was Geo. A. Flint of Stanstead.

\* \* \*

### JUNE BANQUET

The regular Alumni Banquet was held on June 4th in Centenary Church Hall. There were eighty present to enjoy the tasty supper provided by the Women's Association. Mrs. Lamb had, as always, made the room lovely with white lilacs and red tulips. Mr. D. W. Davis presided and spoke of the first Alumni Banquet held in the Derby Line Hotel in 1888. Mr. Davis was the President then as he was forty-four years later. He presented the Menu Card to the Secretary for the Alumni Association. The menu was very long and elaborate and the programme contained many familiar names. It will be carefully cherished. After the toast to the King and President, Miss Beck who has spent much time in Italy, gave a description of the Palio of Siena and then proposed the toast to the "Annex". She was very pleased to see two of her late assistants, the Principal of the College and Frank Wilson of Montreal and two old Annex boys, David Mansur and Campbell Amaron. Douglas Amaron replied to this toast.

The Speaker of the evening was the Rev. A. Lloyd-Smith of Dominion Douglas Church, Montreal. His subject was "Investing a Life." Principal E. C. Amaron in "A Message to our Graduates", about twenty of whom were the guests of the evening, urged them to support the Alumni.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected:

President — R. D. Wood, Sherbrooke.

Vice-President — Frank B. Wilson, Montreal.

" R. C. Amaron, Quebec.

" Mrs. Ruth Lamb, Stanstead.

Secretary-Treasurer — Miss Mary Flint.

Executive Members — Harold Beane, Mrs. P. M. Poaps, and  
Errol C. Amaron.

## THE MONTREAL ALUMNI REUNION

The Montreal Branch of the Alumni Association held a very successful reunion at the Central Y.M.C.A. on November 28th, 1932.

Nearly 100 guests sat down to a fine banquet and remained for a short programme of music and addresses which followed. Among those who spoke were Mr. Harold Beale, Mr. Homer Vipond, Mr. Murray Brooks, all of whom are former students. Mr. A. O. Dawson spoke on behalf of the Trustees, while Mr. A. H. Martin and Principal E. C. Amaron represented the College. Both Mr. Martin and Mr. Amaron gave most encouraging reports of the work that is being done at the college. They regretted that the enrolment was down due to the prevailing hard times but urged the members of the association to help overcome this handicap by securing more students for the college.

Mr. Martin delighted the audience by playing two piano solos while Mr. Murray Brooks accompanied by Miss Bernice Elliott, added to the enjoyment by singing two numbers. A presentation was made to Mrs. May Collins Hardy, Mrs. Olive Smith Welsh and Mrs. Frank B. Wilson who had done so much to make the occasion a success. The splendid success of the Reunion was due largely to the efforts of Mr. Frank B. Wilson, the Montreal Vice-President of the Alumni Association, who acted as toast-master at the banquet.

An enjoyable informal dance followed the banquet to which most of the guests remained.

This has been a banner year for reunions as two are reported by the Quebec Branch Stanstead Alumni. On the occasion of Dr. and Mrs. Trueman's visit to Quebec, former students and friends of Mount Allison University and Stanstead College were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ross, at an informal reception held at their home. We were delighted to find Dr. Trueman so young looking, and realized how very much he must like his work. There was much delightful conversation followed by our respective College songs. All former students can realize what happened when Willie Ross played "Here's to Stanstead." Dr. Trueman spoke to the gathering and told of his experiences of the past few years. We hope that we will not have to wait another ten years for a return visit.

During the week-end that the Stanstead Hockey and Basketball teams visited Quebec on informal luncheon was held at which several Stanstead graduates met with the Principal and discussed the events that had taken place since their departure from the school.

Miss Elizabeth F. Pierce died in Washington on Dec. 12. She was a member of the family who have done so much for Stanstead College.

They gave Pierce Hall, Holmes Model School and Sunnyside, besides the greater part of Centenary Church.

Before Sunnyside was given to the College she spent many summers there. She had a beautiful well-trained voice and charming personality. Miss Pierce, her nephew Charles Holmes and Mr. Martin gave concerts here and in adjoining towns. Mrs. Sidney Telford was of the company.

Alfred Lawrence, formerly of Lawrenceville and Montreal, died Feb. 1st at Pasadena, Cal., where he had lived for 22 years. When the College was opened he was the first boy in residence and his brother Amos, was the second. Amos died in Montreal a few years ago. They both attended the Jubilee celebration in 1923.

We sympathize deeply with Mr. D. W. Davis whose wife passed away quite suddenly last December. Only a week before, Mrs. Davis had poured tea at the College Reception in her usual gracious manner. We also extend our sympathy to her daughter and son, Mrs. J. T. Hackett and Mr. Winthrop Harding, who are Alumni of Stanstead.

Maynard M. Hart, teacher of Classics in the late '90's and early 1900's died at St. Louis, Mo., on March 18th. While here he met and married Lauree Benn of Montreal who was a student of expression. He had taught in St. Louis for many years and since 1928 had been Principal of Roosevelt High School where he was deservedly popular and known as their kind and gracious counselor. In Stanstead his old students and friends wish to extend their sympathy to Mrs. Hart.

Word was received of the death of Miss Mabel Lough on March 26th in New York. She came from Ottawa to Stanstead where she gained the gold medal in Music. She trained for a nurse at Bellevue Hospital, New York, and practiced her profession in New York and Ottawa.

Nelson R. Smith died in hospital at Boulder City, Nevada, Dec. 3rd of pneumonia following influenza. He went to California in 1919 after having served in the Great War. He was the son of Mrs. Henry Smith, Rock Island. He attended Stanstead College for several years and graduated from Bugbee in 1913.

We learned with regret of the death of Mr. John B. Travers of Granby. His wife as Allie Kent attended Stanstead as did his daughter Dorothy Travers.

Mr. Edward Wright Hovey of Rock Island died suddenly last autumn on the Dufferin Heights Golf Course. His last words, "Isn't it beautiful?" give a good idea of his character, always ready to see the best in every one and everything. He graduated from the Commercial



Department of the College in 1887. The Alumni extend their sympathy to his wife and to his three children all of whom attended Stanstead College.

After a long illness Fannie Hunter died in New York early in the New Year. Her loss is deeply mourned by her sister Jean and her brother Henry, who is a prominent lawyer in New York and was the first to suggest that we start the John Colby Memorial Library.

G. LeRoy Fuller 1906-07 died at Asbestos recently.

A very beautiful stained glass window in Montreal West United Church has been dedicated "In loving memory of Irene Mallory Bissell." The window portrays "The Other Wise Man" of Henry VanDyke's story which she recited so well, giving his last pearl for the protection of a girl. Below the window on a brass tablet is inscribed: "This window is the gift of the women of the congregation in grateful appreciation of one who gave unreservedly of her talents to the activities of this Church. September 18th, 1932." Ethel Montle, Mrs. F. S. Kennerson, who read for us at the Diamond Jubilee concert was a pupil of hers when she taught expression at Stanstead.

Our sympathy is extended to the Rev. Chas. E. Clark of Toronto whose wife, Ruth Knight, died Dec. 13th. She was a most popular and useful member of this community before her marriage and still returned to her old home the "Knight Farm" for the summer.

Tuesday, Jan. 17, was the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of the Holmes Memorial School. Upon that occasion, Dr. W. L. Shurtleff of Coaticook presided and Dr. G. W. Parmelee of the Department of Education, Quebec, was principal speaker. Since that time the school has been steadily growing in usefulness, while the aim of its founder is being realized through consolidation with the schools of out-lying districts.

Miss Jessie Colby and Mrs. Aikens spent the winter in La Jolla, California. They got in touch with many old friends and former Stanstead College students. Among them was Dr. C. Dexter Ball of Santa Ana, who has lived in California for 45 years. He has three sons, all of whom are doctors and one daughter — two sons are in partnership with him. H. Stewart Haskell, who is at Ocean Park, wrote Miss Colby that he hoped they might have an S.W.C. Alumni Reunion there.

It is with pleasure that we announce that all books given to the John Colby Memorial Library are now labelled and placed in the new bookcases. The money contributed has not been spent but the interest is used to buy new reference books as they come out.

Dr. Ewan and his family will be remembered as having spent a year here. He was a Medical Missionary in China and had to return on



account of ill health. His two children attended the college until they moved to California where he died. Both Edna and Douglas are university graduates and are married and living near Los Angeles, California. Edna is Mrs. Dr. Pearson and has one son. Douglas is a minister and has a daughter.

Constance Seifert of Quebec who is now at the College is the eighth of her family to attend Stanstead. This is a record as unique as it is creditable.

Dr. P. S. Dobson has sent a list of old students living in or near St. Thomas, Ont.:

Florence Mooney, Alma College.  
Leonard Fish, Gravel Rd., St. Thomas, Ont.  
Mrs. Fish (Veda Chamberlain) St. Thomas.  
Rev. S. Bridgette, Talbotville.  
Douglas Mooney, Goderich.  
Mrs. Jas. Donly, Simcoe (Kitty Mountain).  
W. R. Mountain, 207 Douglas St., Stratford.  
Beatrice Clendinnen, Hincks & Wellington St., St. Thomas.  
Rev. G. A. Sisco, 224 Brock St. N., Sarnia.  
Mrs. C. V. Thomson, Tillsonburg. (Leila Teeter)  
Murray G. Brooks, 76 Avenue Rd., Toronto.  
Kelso Johnston, Goderich.

### *The Peat Family*

The parents were and still are foreign missionaries as they have one more year in China before they return for good. As the children came to Stanstead the College adopted them as specially its own. Ruth lives in Cleveland, Ohio, and has two charming little girls. Her husband's name is Campbell and he is an accountant in a publishing firm. Harry is practicing medicine in Cleveland. He has a boy four years and a girl five months old. Leslie is managing editor of an auto-motive magazine in Philadelphia. Wilbur is the director of the John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis. He devotes his vacations to painting and he has done some very good work. He has two children. Frank Peat has one boy and two girls. His wife is an artist, most of her work being illustrations for children's books. He lives at Worthington, Ohio. He has recently compiled a collection of War Songs, a copy of which he sent to Mr. Martin.

Leyland Adams, M.D., after spending three years as house doctor at the Montreal General Hospital and two years in Boston, has a private practice in Montreal.

Arnold Adams is a dentist in Montreal.

Selwyn Adams is living with a sister, Mrs. McGerrigle, whose husband formerly taught here.

In Arts '36 at McGill there are Selwyn Adams, Millicent Brennan and Grace d'Albenas. Tommy Southwood is taking dentistry at McGill. Harriet Colby is in residence at the Royal Victoria College and is taking lectures at McGill.

Ivan and Walter Stockwell graduated in Arts at Bishop's University last June. It was a very lovely Convocation held in the open air and attended by the Governor-General and Lady Bessborough, E. W. Beatty, and many other prominent people. Ivan also received a teacher's diploma and has a position at Shawinigan Technical High School. Walter is taking a medical course.

Winthrop Harding who matriculated here before entering the Engineering Course at McGill, was reported lost in the far north last December. He had taken a special plane to fly to God's Lake. He was forced down several times but fortunately never in a dangerous place. He arrived three days before the regular passenger plane and staked out some mining claims which are reported likely to become valuable. On a recent visit to his step-father, Mr. D. W. Davis, he made light of his hardships.

Ralph V. Merry, 1920-22, after graduating in Arts at McGill, has worked for his M.A. and other degrees. Last year he received his Ph.D. at Harvard University. He and Mrs. Merry have moved to Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. J. H. DuBois who has been French Specialist at Montreal West High School since leaving Stanstead, last winter wrote a French Play which was acted by his pupils and will be repeated in Montreal this year. It is called "L'oeuf de Nuremberg", and describes the romantic beginning of the Swiss Watch industry.

Annie Marie DuBois is attending courses at the Sorbonne, Paris, having been awarded the scholarship for the best honour French student at McGill.

Eddy DuBois, who also graduated in Arts last spring, is studying to be a chartered accountant while working in an accountant's office in the city.

Harold G. Beale, since his return from India four and a half years ago, has been Executive Secretary in the Westmount Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Wilfrid Charland is editor of the Queen's Journal. Last year he was manager. He is also President of the Canadian University Publishers' Association.

The many friends of Gerald W. Halpenny will be glad to know

that he has been re-elected president of the Students' Council of McGill University. He is the second Stanstead graduate who has held that office twice, the first being Mr. Amaron.

Adelle Baldwin, after matriculating at Stanstead, graduated at Bishop's University, Lennoxville, and at the Yale School of Nursing at New Haven, Conn. She joined the V.O.N. in Montreal. In December 1931 she went to Paris, where she married the Rev. Ulric A. Lanoue, graduate of McMaster University and Yale Divinity School. He was studying at the Sorbonne and Adelle went to Brussels to take a course in tropical diseases after a honeymoon on the Riviera. In July they went to Kimpese in the Belgian Congo, Africa, where they are in charge of one of the oldest Baptist Missions and School for training natives. On March 17th, 1933, a son, Robert Baldwin, was born.

Mr. Eldon C. Irvine was very popular here as mathematical instructor. He expects to teach his third year at Macdonald College Summer School. He also keeps busy by studying for more degrees. He has been head of the mathematical department at Macdonald for ten years.

Mrs. Irvine, Alice Hutchison, still sings, plays, and entertains at her home in the same charming manner that she did when here. Dorothy Irvine's engagement to Lionel H. Hamilton, M.S., of Macdonald College has been announced and will take place the latter part of June.

Esther Irvine, who received a gold medal last year, graduates from Macdonald College Household Science Course in June and enters the Royal Victoria Hospital in July for eight months practice training in dietetics.

\* \* \*

The engagement of David Mansur to Molly Katherine Spencer is announced. The marriage will take place early in June at Erskine Church, Montreal.

Eleanor Morrill is studying singing and piano at Boston Conservatory.

The engagement of Eileen Duff to Britton Moore is announced. Both were students here quite recently. Britton is doing well at a law school in Washington.

Mary Channell, Lilian Sinclair and Beryl Stewart are nurses-in-training at the Sherbrooke Hospital. Lilian Sinclair is now in Montreal for the part of their training which they take in the various hospitals there, but Beryl Stewart unfortunately is ill with rheumatic fever. She was taken ill while in Montreal but is now at the Sherbrooke Hospital.

Alma Baker was married to Mr. Spencer Volk of the Dominion Flying Corps, Ottawa, on Jan. 28th. A very pretty wedding reception

was held at the home of Mrs. Mary Ball Shearer.

We have heard recently of the marriage of Elizabeth Thompson to Clarence Hill.

The engagement is announced of Bunty Greenbank to Harry Smith of Montreal.

Dorothy Lindsay ('27) was married recently to James Grant Macdonnell at Montreal.

The engagement of Dorothy Wood to Gerald Norman of Montreal is announced.

Freida Raymond was married to James Hall at Montreal.

Violet Lane graduated last spring from Brightlook Hospital, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Margaret MacMillan is in training there.

Catherine Jean MacKenzie will graduate in Arts at McGill this spring.

Lyman Van Vliet has been ill but is now in better health.

Harmon Andrews toured Europe last summer in the interest of Lyman's Limited.

Clinton Manning and Mrs. Manning (Mary Terril) are living at Howick, Que., where he is manager of The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Earle Beerworth is manager of The Canadian Bank of Commerce at Ayer's Cliff. Mrs. Beerworth was Edythe Raymond.

Fred Montle, a former Alumni president, has recently been transferred from the main office, Montreal, to Huntingdon where he will be manager of The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Joe Roy is manager of the Wellington St. Branch of the C.B.C., Sherbrooke.

Laura Rugg of Sherbrooke, a graduate in piano and organ has had her adaptation of psalms to her musical composition published and it is now being sung in churches.

Clark Reilly is manager of the Canadian Construction Co., in Ottawa doing an excellent and original work. He will always be remembered here as the author of "Stanstead Alma Mater."

Reggie and Alfred Sturgeon are farming at Empress, Alta., where their mother died. She attended Stanstead at the same time as Mrs. Deacon, over fifty years ago.

Bill Dogson and W. Peterson are employed in their home city of Hamilton, Ont.

Alfreda Holley and Ruth Davis are working in the same office in Newport, Vt.

Frank Wilson of Montreal is now Provincial Supervisor for the

Mutual Relief Insurance Company.

F. S. Rugg of Sherbrooke has recently been elected Battonier of the District of St. Francis.

Alfreda Holley has just retired from the office of Worthy Matron of the Lakeside Chapter of the Eastern Star at Newport, Vt. She was presented with the jewel pin and a clock. She was the youngest Worthy Matron that they had ever had. She was succeeded by Ruth Lyons. They were both old Bugbee students and their teacher, Mr. McFadyen, was there for the ceremony. They paid the tribute to Stanstead College that their training there had enabled them to hold such an important office.

W. A. Deacon of Toronto has sent many splendid books for the John Colby Memorial Library, among them some of his own works. We are grateful to him for his article on Duncan Campbell Scott.

Dr. F. O. Call of Bishop's University has sent an autographed copy of one of his books of poetry called "Blue Homespun" and has permitted us to reprint the sonnet from which the book took its name —

### *BLUE HOMESPUN*

Beyond the doorway of the tiny room  
The yellow autumn sunshine died away  
Into the shadows of the waning day;  
Wrapped in the twilight stood old Marie's loom,  
A shapeless mass of timbers in the gloom;  
But one small window cast a golden ray  
Upon a bench where sky-blue homespun lay,  
Lighting the dusk-like sheaves of chicory bloom.

Above the loom the Holy Virgin hung,  
Blue-robed and smiling down; and old Marie  
After the evening angelus had rung,  
Arose and touched the picture lovingly  
With rough brown hand, then turned and looked once more  
Upon her sky-blue cloth, and closed the door.

The Secretary urges that anyone knowing any news about any old student should write it down immediately and send it to "Editor of Alumni Notes," Stanstead College. Word has reached here that Viola Scott is married but no one seems to know to whom. If someone had sent that wedding notice you can see what a help it would have been. Whoever the lucky man may be we send him our congratulations.

Mrs. Louise Morey Bowman has become well-known in the field



of Canadian Poetry through her two books, "Dream Tapestries" and "Moonlight and Common Day". She has a new book which is not out yet but we are looking forward to receiving a copy of it for the John Colby Library.

Luvia M. Willard, M.D., F.A.C.P., is now Director of the Department of Children's Diseases, Jamaica Hospital, N.Y., Fellow of the American College of Physicians and a member of the Honorary Medical Fraternity Alpha Omega Alpha. These are only a few of her long list of positions and honours but she still finds time to write poetry and has promised a copy of Bric-a-Brac for the library. That she has not forgotten the time spent here studying for matriculation is well shown in her poem which follows:

## REMINISCENCE

*Luvia Willard*

Fair Eastern Townships, long for beauty famed  
Throughout a glorious land, so aptly named  
"Garden of Canada," this name so true  
Springs not from lake's expanse, high mountain view,  
But from the subtler artistry of hills  
Low-flung, of fertile fields, and forest rills;  
As though capricious nature nobly sought  
To fashion with a defter skill, this spot.

And as in any garden one choice spot  
Exists, more loved than all the rest, my thought  
Wings ever back to tranquil Stanstead Plain,  
To Stanstead College, where I see again  
Familiar vistas, etched by nature's pen,  
And know that I have fortunately been  
Witness to beauty that cannot be sung  
To rhythmic measure or to cadenced tongue.

I see the sun sink to a cloud of gold,  
Staining the limpid waters, fold on fold,  
Where rears in majesty mist-capped Owl's Head  
Above an isle, where two great countries wed  
In amity, and common cause of race,  
Join flag and friendly frontier, face to face;  
Where hills reflect the spent sun's aftermath  
And Memphremagog trails a silver path.

## SCOTT FROM STANSTEAD

An Old Boy's Homage to an Older One.

*By William Arthur Deacon*

One of my moments of sheer delight was when seconding a vote of thanks to Duncan Campbell Scott after his address to The Poetry Society of Canada. Besides my tremendous admiration for Scott, as man, author and public official, the event closed a chain of circumstances begun 30 years ago at Stanstead College.

There, in the old Main Room, when I was a boy of 14, the late Alfred Neville Thompson, long Registrar at Stanstead, read his paper, "The Influence of Genius Upon Place." A year later Mr. Harvey, Congregational Minister of Rock Island, read in the same room for an hour from Rand's anthology, "ATreasury of Canadian Verse". Mr. Thompson's remarks first showed me the power of the printed word to guide thought, which became act and fixed the course of history. Mr. Harvey first brought me a knowledge of the considerable body of Canadian literature already in existence. My life has been largely built upon these two ideas. My aim is to promote a knowledge of native literature as the most practical means towards national cohesion by fostering a national spirit worthy of the people. I believe nothing except such a tradition, widely and firmly implanted in individual minds, can ensure our future and will permit Canada to fulfil her highest possible destiny as a world influence.

Many years were to pass before I learned that one of Canada's most distinguished men of letters, and recipient of the Lorne Pierce Gold Medal, had also studied in the Main Room, where I first heard his lines read. Born in Ottawa in 1862, Duncan Campbell Scott is peculiarly a Stanstead boy because his formal education was completed there. In my day no memory of him remained; but I trust he is now a reason for high institutional pride. For Canada has not produced a more able, cultured and useful citizen. Apart entirely from his short stories, plays and poems, which made him a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of 37, and later one of its presidents, Dr. Scott has accomplished a magnificent work for the Indians through more than 50 years of service in that Dominion Government department, which was in his charge until his retirement in 1931. He is now near the end of a two-year tour of Europe.

Of the four great poets who dominated Canadian letters from 1880 till 1920, the Maritimers, Carman and Roberts, migrated to New York; the two born in Ontario, Lampman and Scott, stayed in Canada.

Only those who are now making the first attempts to establish authorship as a profession in the Dominion can realize the difficulties of doing serious writing while depending on other exacting work for a living. Yet Scott has continued his literary labours to the present, and some critics believe him to be our finest craftsman in verse.

Naturally, the Canadian spirit breathes through the poetry of Scott and Lampman more purely and consistently than through that of Roberts and Carman. Only in Scott's does the native note reach its full maturity. Travelling through the North for many years in connection with the work of the Indian Department, he knows the country better than any other of our senior poets. His interpretations of Indian life are quite the equal of Pauline Johnson's best. But his vigorous, clear-headed nationalism is unique among Canadian writers of his age. Canada's growing national consciousness ensures the work of Scott a vastly increased audience in the years immediately ahead.

The ultimate claim of our illustrious school-fellow upon our country's gratitude rests upon his high-mindedness. He should be very proud of the fineness of his thought. We may and do admire the lyric skill of pieces like "The Piper of Arll", which made John Masefield want to be a poet. We must be stirred by the native feeling that flows through "Spring on the Mattagami", "Mid-August" and "The Half-Breed Girl". But the greatest strength of Scott, as well as the utmost he has attained in beauty, is only found, I think, when, in poems like "The Height of Land", "The Harvest" or "Fragment of an Ode to Canada", he is specifically urging his countrymen to wider vision, greater courage, keener sense of moral responsibility for the race that shall inherit this land from us. A lovely hint of this splendid idealism is embodied in his tiny poem called "Ecstasy":-

The shore-lark soars to his topmost flight,  
Sings at the height where morning springs,  
What though his voice be lost in the light,  
The light comes dropping from his wings.

Mount, my soul, and sing at the height  
Of thy clear flight in the light and the air,  
Heard or unheard in the night in the light  
Sing there! Sing there!

